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A PARK SUNDAY AND A DARK SUNDAY.

"GREAT as is the power of Sir BENJAMIN HALL, he will find that the power of Exeter Hall is greater"—such was a Bishop's (a very newly fledged Bishop's) boast or threat, announced last week with less taste than verbal point, and with less discretion than either. Dr. VILLIERS was both right and wrong. Exeter Hall has triumphed, yet not by its own strength. It has sung its psalm, and the ALCEUS of the occasion has brayed in the person of Mr. JOSEPH PAYNE, who—we quote the *Record*—delivered himself at the Ragged School Anniversary of this "impromptu, with loud applause:—

Hurrah for the good Archbishop,
Who mildly and firmly wrote,
In the name of the British people,
A kind and a Christian note;
Hurrah for the bands of music,
Whose playing at length is o'er,
Three cheers for the noble Premier,
Who says they shall play no more."

But other influences than "the good Archbishop's kind and Christian note" were brought to bear on "the noble PREMIER." Lord PALMERSTON has, it appears, really yielded to the Scotch members, and has thus given a very doubtful triumph, of the *sic vos non vobis* sort, to the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, representing not only the Church of England, but "the religious community of all denominations." The simple fact seems to be, that Lord PALMERSTON was ready enough to set the religious combination and all the ranks of Exeter Hall at defiance, but could not resist the foray from the other side of the Tweed, headed by the sour Lord Advocate in person. He has yielded, as a political leader always knows how to yield, to a political difficulty—the Church and the religious public are only the cat's paw. We do not charge the PREMIER with intending to damage the Church, but we suspect that he has shrewdly calculated the value to the religious public of the concession which he could not, on other grounds, avoid. It is certain that the best friends of religion in England look with great apprehension at the triumph won in the abandonment of the Sunday bands. They see in the recent agitation and its success the re-opening of an hostility of classes—they deplore what they cannot but anticipate, the revival of social hatred. The question is now one of class against class. The poor, rightly or wrongly, will not take more kindly to religious influences when they see them violently imposed on them. The Church, by the confession of its most loyal sons and servants, has lost its hold on the masses; and the poor neither love nor have confidence in the religion whether of the church or of the meeting-house. In too many instances, they look with hatred at the upper and middle classes, and view with distrust religion in all its forms. And the obvious aspect of the Band question is this—here are a quarter of a million of people deprived of a humanizing, innocent, and cheap recreation, and that by a combination of the ministers of religion, the aristocracy, and the comfortable *bourgeoisie*. On the one side are the masses—on the other, the respectabilities. It is no good social omen when this sort of antagonism occurs; and it will scarcely favour the Church's efforts in reclaiming the poor of England, to bring her, as Lord PALMERSTON has done, into direct conflict with what are undoubtedly their tastes, and what they may begin to treat as their rights. We may question the propriety of the Minister's adroit allusion to the "indifference of the working people on the subject;" but its significance cannot be lost sight of. Henceforth the poor of London will inevitably look at the ministers of religion as their oppressors.

It is only in this aspect that we view the abandonment of the Sunday music in the Park as entitled to very grave consideration. Politically, however, the concession damages the Government. When Lord PALMERSTON resisted Sir J.

WALMSLEY's motion, he virtually conceded the whole question. As Mr. BAINES very properly argues, the opening of the British Museum and National Gallery was comparatively a minor matter. After the division on that matter, to allow Sir B. HALL to elaborate a much more important scheme—to permit a subordinate of Government, in the name of the Government, to defend it with so much vigour—and then to abandon it with an indifference alike sullen and contemptuous, deficient in courtesy to his opponents and in chivalry to his friends, is about as great an error as a Minister could commit. The Government ought either to have gone much farther, or not to have gone nearly so far. Already we much regret to see that threats are held out—and especially in the newspaper said most directly to represent the PREMIER—of social demonstrations, and of a revival of the small *jacquerie* of last summer's Hyde-Park disturbances. Should any breach of the peace unhappily take place, the mismanagement of the Minister will not be forgotten, although we fully share his estimate of the folly and bigotry which have won so doubtful a triumph. A crafty politician may chuckle at the happy joke of having given religion a damaging victory; but a statesman's business is to withhold from any order in the State the power of irretrievably injuring itself. The spectacle of religion making a fool of herself may be, to some minds, irresistibly comic; but we may pay too dearly even for this exquisite and rather far-fetched jest.

It is rather superfluous at this moment, in the face of coming difficulties, to review the past. But what we especially deplore is that religious minds should, in this matter, have mistaken the interests of religion. There is but one argument on the subject which we have patience to deal with, and this involves merely a question of policy. As to the principle of the compatibility of recreation with that rest which all Christians hold ought to distinguish the observance of Sunday, we shall not re-argue the point. Nor, with the testimony of history, as shown in BRAMHALL's and FENELON's defence of Sunday dancing, do we condescend to prove that the enjoyment of such music as has been performed in the Parks is consistent with the Church's view of Sunday duties. Neither shall we enforce the perfect compatibility of church-going and religious exercises with a Sunday's stroll in Hyde Park. But, it is said—and this in respectable quarters—the vague, unreasoning deference to Sabbatarian observance which survives among the masses is the sole hold which religion has upon them; and it is contended that to break this down, or to seem to disregard it, is to offer a premium to the increased national neglect of all religion. To this, however, we answer with the competing fact, that practically this feeling, if it exists—which is doubtful—is altogether barren and uninfluential. All parties admit the actual irreligion, or neglect of all religious ordinances, on the part of the million. Go into what church or meeting-house in London you please, and you never meet the labouring classes. Church and Dissent alike, and with like sorrow, own this most palpable and undeniable of facts.

It is said that the bands empty the Sunday Schools. But do the Sunday Schools fill the churches? Our tedious services, our dull sermons, our crowded Sunday Schools—what do they result in? Why in this—that as soon as ever a youth or girl escapes the religious influences of childhood, they never return to them. Could the statistics of our existing Sunday observances be obtained, they would prove that, in spite of—as many think, by means of—this assumed traditional reverence for a strict Sunday, the lower classes of London are almost to a man alienated from religion. The solid fact remains, that the extant religionism of England, as it affects the lower classes, fails, and fails egregiously. The question is not between a Sunday-keeping population with crowded churches and meeting-houses, and a possible or probable loosening of such vigorous and operative religious influences. We have

to do with a population notoriously, palpably, and almost exclusively irreligious, sullen, apathetic, ignorant, and debased—untouched by the finer feelings—in capable of other than the lowest emotions—addicted to the vulgar stimulants—unrefined by art or by the higher susceptibilities of human nature. We have not to deal with a quarter of a million of Church-goers, but with a quarter of a million of dull, stupid, apathetic bodies, who either spend the Sunday in sottishness or sleep, or in the debasing attractions of the pothouse and the *guinguettes*. This is the social problem of the day.

How have religious people dealt with it? With their eternal, iron, irrational code of blank negatives. Thou shalt not listen to music—thou shalt not be attracted to green fields—thou shalt not hear or see aught that can kindle the sacred fire within, that can soothe the weariness of the flesh, or tell of better and happier hopes. You are debased, and we will not give you a chance of elevation, or a glimpse of freedom or happiness. For six weary days you are a slave to all that is of the earth, earthy—on the seventh we will keep you at least stupid. For you the blue sky shall be all leaden—for you no attraction shall exist superior to your own squalid garret, your own unimproving companionship, or the sordid variety of the debasing Sunday pot or more debasing Sunday Flash. It is no answer to this sorrowful sighing of outraged and debased humanity to say that sermons are better than overtures, for if people chose they might have both sermons and overtures; but if religion, as a fact, does not attract the masses as they are, the experiment may be worth trying whether religion itself would not come with a new influence and with fresh powers on a population somewhat elevated, by whatever means, above the beasts that perish. What we should like to see, and what we commend to the superfluous energies of Exeter Hall in its hour of victory—or at least to the thoughtful minority of the clergy, who have, as some able letters in the newspapers show, declined to swim with the popular stream of Sabbatarianism—is some scheme of religious teaching combining the duties of practical religion with equally religious recreation. In other days this was done, and the people were not estranged from religion. Among ourselves, it has not been done, and the metropolitan poor are lost to religion in any shape. They despise the whole thing with utter and unwavering contempt. And this fact the Church and the meeting-house find it convenient not to appreciate. Events, however, will compel the religious world to see it. If Exeter Hall is stronger than BENJAMIN HALL, we forecast a social storm which will rouse even Exeter Hall from its stolid complacency of doing nothing. To do nothing is not henceforth to let well alone, but to let bad alone. Whatever innovation there is cannot be for the worse. And before it is too late, we conjure those who have the opportunity to present some better religion to England and Englishmen than one of unsympathizing prohibition, of cold obstruction, of barren, hard, repulsive negation. But ink is not dear, and it is infinitely easier to sign a petition than to preach in the streets. It only costs lungs to curse at popular irreligion, and lungs are cheap to a practised platform performer.

A word in conclusion to our Scotch friends, to whose intervention the people of London, it seems, owe the discontinuance of the Sunday bands. Will they pardon us for hinting that their interference is simply impertinent? Nobody thought of suggesting any innovation on the pleasant and sunny religion of JOHN KNOX. Sir BENJAMIN HALL did not propose to send a dozen of bagpipes to disturb the serene Sabbath echoes of Arthur's Seat. Puritans and Presbyterians might observe the Sabbath as they pleased. The strictest sect and country was left to its Sabbath sermons, and its equally attractive Sabbath whisky. We in London did not put up the band of the Life Guards to compete either with the dulness or the drunkenness of a Sunday in Glasgow. Really there was no call for that godly old wife, the Lord Advocate, to fling his cutty stool at our head. By all accounts, Scottish zeal has a large enough field before it in reclaiming Scottish irreligion, without dipping its spoon in our English parritch. When—and not before—Edinburgh and Geneva present the model of a Christian Sunday, they will have earned a title to dictate to the religion or irreligion of their neighbours.

THE AMERICAN ENLISTMENT QUESTION.

AMERICANS may consider it impossible that Englishmen should form an impartial judgment on the questions at issue between their respective Governments; but there can

scarcely be a difference of opinion as to the tone in which the pending controversy has been conducted on either side. From the beginning of the published correspondence to the end, Lord CLARENDON is never betrayed into an unfriendly or discourteous expression. All the English officials uniformly profess the most scrupulous respect for those laws of the United States which they are said to have violated, and even if the PRESIDENT should succeed in proving that there is a wrong to redress, he cannot plausibly complain of any provocation beyond the supposed grievance. The only instance in which the English Minister applies strong language to the proceedings of his opponents, occurs in the despatch in which Mr. CUSHING's disgraceful violence is noticed. "I did know for certain," says Lord CLARENDON, "that if any member of Her Majesty's Government had been so unmindful of his duty towards his country and his colleagues as not only to make a public use of despatches which had come confidentially into his hands, but to do so for the purpose of exciting ill-will on the part of the people of England against the Government and people of the United States, the Cabinet Minister so offending would either have been compelled to resign his office instantly, or all his colleagues would have resigned theirs." As no such course had been taken by Mr. CUSHING's colleagues, it would scarcely be possible to deal more mildly with his ebullition of ill-bred malignity.

On the American side, Mr. BUCHANAN seems to have exhibited as much moderation and temper as was compatible with his instructions; but Mr. MARCY's harsh pertinacity sometimes leads him into quibbles only worthy of some litigious layman who attempts to dabble in special pleading. Lord CLARENDON had approved of Mr. CRAMPTON's proceedings "with respect to the proposed enlistment in the Queen's service of foreigners and British subjects in the United States;" but the American Government had received repeated assurances that no enlistment within the States had ever been sanctioned or proposed by England. The words "British subjects in the United States" obviously relate to residents in the States, and not to the intended place of enlistment; yet Mr. MARCY affects to understand that Mr. CRAMPTON was authorized to enlist British subjects within the territory of the Union. In a similar spirit, Lord CLARENDON's offer to discharge any person who might have been enlisted within the States, "in violation of the United States law as well as of British law," is subjected to minute verbal criticism, which results in the discovery that "the single fact of having been enlisted or hired in violation of the United States law would not be available under this offer, unless the further fact be shown that the enlistment was also in violation of the British law." The English Minister has, in all his despatches, adopted the plain and intelligible language which becomes a gentleman and a man of business; but his opponent's habitual use of pettifoggish misrepresentations of isolated phrases would go far to justify the vague circumlocutions of ordinary European diplomacy. Mr. MARCY is far too able a man to have fallen into the misapprehensions which furnish him from time to time with materials for a smart repartee.

The unfriendly feeling of the American Government is most offensively exhibited in the conduct of the judicial proceedings at Philadelphia against two individuals of more than questionable character. The law officers of the United States made no secret of their desire to implicate several English functionaries in the illegality with which HERTZ and PERKINS were nominally charged. "The prosecution of this defendant," said the District Attorney, "was the only means by which the Executive of the United States could be best informed of the impropriety of the conduct of those representatives of the British Government who have been accredited as fit and honourable men, claiming peculiar privileges near our Government. I have no doubt that this trial has furnished such information, and that such steps will be adopted as are sanctioned by international law." The ATTORNEY-GENERAL, himself a member of the Federal Cabinet, fully sanctioned the insolence of his deputy. In the anticipation of a possible verdict for the defendants, he had the audacity to declare that, "if the British Government has, by ingenious contrivances, succeeded in sheltering its agents from conviction as malefactors, it has in so doing doubled the magnitude of the national wrong inflicted on the United States." The District Attorney told the jury that "by forcing this indictment thus against this defendant, the President of the UNITED STATES has struck as near the throne of her MAJESTY as he is enabled to do in the shape

of a criminal prosecution. The extended privileges and peculiar protection given to a foreign Minister prevent, so far as he is concerned, the application of the criminal code of the country, although such foreign Minister may be proved guilty of acts which, if committed by a private individual, would make him a felon."

It is evident, from the account of the proceedings, that HERTZ had himself furnished the prosecution with the evidence on which he was convicted. His fellow-vagabond, PERKINS, having, in the exuberance of fiction, charged Mr. MARCY himself with complicity in the illegal enlistments, was necessarily acquitted. HERTZ was, by his own account, a Danish Jew, supposed by many of his acquaintances to be a Russian. The counsel who represented him abstained from offering any objection to the receipt of illegal evidence against him, while the public prosecutor produced documents which could only have been furnished to him by the defendant; and finally, the District Attorney produced, in mitigation of punishment, a long statement purporting to be a confession by HERTZ, but evidently drawn up for the purpose of completing the case against the English officials. It is proved by several affidavits that HERTZ is a notorious swindler—that since the trial he has been living in comparative comfort—that he is generally believed to be in Russian pay—and that he has asserted that the ATTORNEY-GENERAL had offered him advantages to induce him to implicate the Consul in his charge.

The case against Mr. CRAMPTON mainly rests on the statements of this man, and of another not less infamous individual. Of STRÖBEL, the principal witness for the prosecution, it is enough to say that he swore that the English Minister instructed him, in the very words of the Act, to "retain persons within the jurisdiction of the United States." Mr. MARCY treats this suborned and *ex parte* testimony as conclusive against the English officials; yet they had no opportunity of rebutting it, for Mr. CUSHING had issued positive orders that none of the inculcated functionaries should be allowed to take part in the proceedings. Lord CLARENDON has now furnished the American Government with abundant proof that the evidence was worse than worthless, and he has laid ground for the presumption that, from first to last, the proceedings were a *cross*. If it were the policy of England to encourage the quarrelsome propensities displayed or affected by the American Cabinet, the PRESIDENT might fairly be asked to disavow and punish the law officers who have so scandalously perverted the course of justice for the purpose of insulting a friendly Government.

No person seriously believes that the Government which allows pirates by the hundred to sail from New York to Nicaragua feels any peculiar delicacy on the subject of recruiting within its dominions. Nevertheless, every independent nation has undoubtedly the right to require that its laws shall be respected; and although in all these transactions, courtesy and good-will on the part of England have been met by overbearing arrogance, the substantial merits of the controversy are independent of the tone in which it has been conducted. It unfortunately appears that Mr. CRAMPTON is not wholly innocent of the charge which has been urged against him with so much animosity. An Act of Congress makes it illegal to hire or retain any person to leave the jurisdiction of the United States with intent to enlist in a foreign service, and the English Minister, solicitous to avoid any violation of the law, took care that no binding or mutual contract should be made with emigrants to Halifax. On arriving in Canada or Nova Scotia, the alleged volunteers were at liberty to return to the United States, or to seek their fortune in the provinces; but the payment of their passage was a valuable consideration, and the expense was undoubtedly incurred in the belief that the passengers intended to enter the English service. Judge KANE's charge in the case of HERTZ is a vulgar and offensive political declamation; yet the law which it contains is not the less sound for the rhetoric with which it is surrounded. *Falsa demonstratio non nocet*—neither fallacious applications nor perverse motives invalidate a true proposition.

The case of the English Government is, however, perfectly simple. If Mr. CRAMPTON exceeded his instructions so as to commit a constructive illegality, there can be no doubt that he acted in perfect good faith, and with a sincere desire to conform to the American law. In June, 1855, Lord CLARENDON put an end to all recruiting in the British provinces; and in July, Mr. BUCHANAN expressed himself fully satisfied with

the intimation that the measures of which he complained had been discontinued. It was not until November that Lord CLARENDON heard that the American Government wished to reopen the dispute; and although, in the interval, the offensive proceedings in HERTZ's case might have given just ground of complaint to England, they certainly furnished the officials who prepared both sides of the case with no fresh information. Even after the close of the trial, Mr. MARCY wrote a full despatch on the Enlistment question, without adding a demand for the withdrawal of the English diplomatic and consular agents. The ill-bred violence of the American Government has weakened its own cause. Mr. BUCHANAN judiciously confined his remonstrances to the alleged violation of a municipal law; but his official superior, like his colleague the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, passes lightly over the illegality, and affects to charge the English Government with an offence against some vague principle of national sovereignty. Respect for national independence undoubtedly requires conformity to the laws of a foreign State on the part of all persons within its jurisdiction, and in some instances, in the absence of a specific enactment, it may also be necessary to observe certain general principles of comity; but the Act of Congress expresses the whole policy of the United States on the subject to which it relates. The law may, at the discretion of the sovereign authority, be made even more stringent, but, for the present, it must be understood to permit all things which are not prohibited by its terms.

There is too much reason to fear that, notwithstanding Lord CLARENDON's unanswerable reasoning, the American Government may push the quarrel which it has so diligently fostered to the extent of dismissing Mr. CRAMPTON and the three Consuls who have been charged with complicity in the enlistments. If an actual war is desired, the Central American question may furnish an excuse for a rupture; but the motives which influence the Cabinet of Washington are principally of a domestic kind, and a war with England would neither promote Mr. PIERCE's re-election, nor tend to simplify the Kansas dispute. At the last step, the aggressors may probably pause, and England is still loath to engage in a wanton and unnatural conflict; yet the nation has never been less disposed than at this moment, to submit to unnecessary humiliation. If war is to ensue, the responsibility will lie with those who have so pertinaciously provoked it.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND ITS CRITICS.

THE tone assumed recently by our great contemporary, in reference to the Church of England and its Clergy, has been attracting a good deal of attention. There is a whole generation, now grown up and taking an interest in political and ecclesiastical affairs, to whom this language of the *Times* is as completely unintelligible as if it had treated them to an argument against Rotten Boroughs, or in favour of WILKES and Liberty. But politicians a few years older recognise in the recent attacks on the Church the exact phraseology which formed the staple of Radical oratory and pamphleteering in the days immediately following the Reform Bill. At the time when the Whigs were just entering upon their not particularly prosperous alliance with the Dissenters, and when Dr. ARNOLD on the one side, and the founders of the Oxford Tracts on the other, had persuaded themselves that the ecclesiastical establishment was on the point of going to pieces, the Church of England served precisely the same turn to popular politicians which our administrative system does at this moment. It was depicted as all but a public nuisance. The grievances against it began with the seats of the Bishops in the House of Lords, and ended with the starvation of the working curates. Its patronage was simoniacally sold, or dispensed under the influence of the corruptest motives. Its revenues were monopolized by a handful of pampered pluralists. Its benefited clergy were habitually non-resident. The generality of persons in orders had a marked propensity towards the coarser forms of crime. Such were the imputations contained in the fly-sheets which Mr. CARLILE—CARLILE with an *i*—used to sell on his ground-floor, while, from the window of his first-floor front, dangled a row of mitred and haltered Bishops; and such are the imputations which, in a very slightly modified form, are now reproduced by the *Times*, whenever it has to speak of the Church of England. The deistical Radical of 1833 stood half excused by the modicum of truth which lay at the bottom of several of his charges; but what are we to

say of the journalist who renews them in 1856, when even the truest of them is a monstrous exaggeration? Who can this writer be? We reject as inadmissible the hypothesis that the *Times* has been recruiting among the cast-off hands of the *Examiner*, or that it has retained the mordant pen of Mr. MIALL of the *Nonconformist*. It is, on the whole, more likely that the clergy suffer from the tenacious habits of some veteran censor who has turned his hand to other topics since 1833 or 1834, and, in all the interval, has *rien oublié, ni rien appris*. We are accustomed somehow to associate an easy style, a ready virulence, a careless unfairness, a playful mendacity, with the earlier part of life; but in point of fact, if these accomplishments are sedulously cultivated, they may last till close upon three-score and ten, and surely, ruled as we are by a Government which at once contains Lord PALMERSTON and Mr. FREDERICK PEEL, we ought not to forget that youth and age may occasionally exchange their characteristics. We have no doubt that *Clericomastrix* of the *Times* is a gentleman who covers a bald head with a silk handkerchief after dinner, reads through powerful glasses, and slashes with a shaky hand—and who, after deserting his familiar field during an episode of vehement High Churchmanship in the reign of the late proprietor of his journal, and a period of furious Ultra-Protestantism under the present auspices, has at length returned to describe the same Church and the same clergy which he honoured with his attention about a quarter of a century ago.

Although it is perfectly clear that, in its comments on Mr. PHILLIMORE's Valuation Bill and on the recent attempts to obtain a satisfactory tribunal for the punishment of clerical delinquencies, the *Times* intended it to be understood that the condition of the Church has not altered during the last five-and-twenty years, it is impossible to know whether it is worth our while to show formally that the operation both of law and of feeling has all but removed the very corruptions at which these sneers are pointed. One would have thought that nobody who had ever heard two clergymen conversing could be ignorant that the defects of the Church of England are no longer those enlarged on by the Reform-Bill Radicals. It is, for instance, part of the alphabet of modern political knowledge that pluralities and non-residence are now forbidden by statute. An Act of Parliament, under which half the livings in England have already passed, has made it illegal that more benefices than one should be amassed in the same hands; and the existing pluralists are merely the survivors of the old system, and belong to a class which will soon be extinct. As to "rectors who reside in Italy," they can only be residing there on their road to the tomb; for no clergyman can now desert the duties of his living without obtaining leave from his Bishop, which is only to be obtained on good cause being shown. The curate to whom such a clergyman confides his parish during his absence must have a decent provision secured to him; and though the stipends of assistant curates are far from being on a satisfactory footing, much has been done to raise them far above the old starvation standard. Meanwhile, the severance of large livings, the re-endowment of poor benefices, and the creation of new districts, have greatly equalized the distribution of Church revenues; and from this cause—for we purposely say nothing at present of improvements in feeling—there is no longer that great inequality, that capricious mixture of prizes and blanks, which used to operate like a lottery in attracting a crowd of needy aspirants to the service of the altar. Few persons now become clergymen without some capital of money or intelligence to help in making good their temporal position; and probably there is no profession whose individual members are in the enjoyment of so much private wealth. Doubtless, there are still clergymen who are wretchedly poor; but at the same time it may be confidently asserted that the old distinction between the poor working pastor and the rich, self-indulgent idler, has, as nearly as possible, disappeared. Some of the most eminent examples of self-sacrifice and devotion are to be found in the richest benefices; and if we wanted to discover flagrant instances of carelessness and scandalous living, we might possibly have to look for them where the clergy are worst provided for and most harassed and degraded by domestic distresses.

We have confined ourselves to changes which may be traced, in part, to legislative influence. Our assertion might, perhaps, have been established by appealing to the personal knowledge of everybody who is not distinguished by that igno-

rance of the Church and Clergy which is peculiarly characteristic of cockneyism. There, however, is the law; and a Londoner may at least be supposed to know something of statutes and their effects. Of the modification of feeling which has proceeded side by side with the alteration in the law—of the growth of that sense of responsibility which is now more powerful among the clergy than legislative coercion—the *Times* appears to have no appreciation whatever. It seems to recognise no improvement of any kind in tone, habit, or sentiment. It has on these subjects very curious prepossessions, which show themselves in a hundred ways, but, more than all, in its remarks on the efforts of the clergy to secure something like an efficient system of clerical discipline. The critic of the Church has not the least idea that these efforts spring from a nearly universal grief and shame at rare, but still unpunished, scandals. Sometimes he assumes that the clergy are not sincere in asking for the punishment of delinquents, and insinuates that, if allowed to combine for the exposure or expulsion of offenders, they will merely use their power to crush theological antagonists. Sometimes he adopts the assumptions of the *ci-devant Examiner*, and appears to suppose that ministers of religion are preternaturally afflicted with an uncontrollable propensity towards vicious courses. And occasionally he takes a view which, so far as we are aware, is confined to Printing-house Square and one other mysterious precinct. In the *bureau* of the *Times* and in the Ecclesiastical Courts, a clerical delinquent seems to be an object of pitying consideration. In the former, a drunken rector reeling to church is invariably described in the language of pleasant comedy—in the latter, the advocates for the prosecution and defence always speak of him as unhappily overtaken in a convivial moment, and the Judge punishes him by a fine of threepence-halfpenny on the proceeds of his living. One must go to some region of peculiar feelings and exceptional sympathies to find people capable of taking such a view of sacerdotal intoxication.

We have no wish to preach a complacent optimism. We are perfectly well aware that, as grosser corruptions are purged away, the desire grows stronger to lift up an institution to an imaginary perfection; and we doubt not that each of the two great ecclesiastical parties will every year infuse a still more passionate earnestness into its efforts to assimilate the Church of England to its own ideal. And one peculiarity there certainly is which will long trouble the speculations of all who are enamoured of system, and which it will be always easy to attack by contrasting it with that ideal picture of a church which even the rudest worshipper carries in his mind. The fact that Church preferment may be directly inherited and indirectly purchased, will always furnish an assailant with ready-made sarcasms; but, like all systems which nobody can quite defend, but which nobody is prepared to remedy, the existing mode of dispensing Church patronage does not produce a tittle of the evil which might be expected from it *à priori*. Livings, says the *Times*, are property, to be treated like any other property. The journalist might have taken his own hint. Property—lay property—has its responsibilities, and heavy ones. The owner of an estate, or of a cotton-mill, exercises an influence which may far transcend all the good or evil which it is in the power of a clergyman to effect; and yet there is no cause, from blind chance to naked fraud, which may not determine the destination of broad acres and pounds sterling. It would be absurd, however, to say that private possessions produce all the evils which might have been predicted from their haphazard devolution; and so we acquiesce in them, though we take no guarantee from owners of property, as we do from clergymen, of their fitness for their duties, and though we do not in fact know that they will not go the full length of their immense powers of creating and increasing moral evil. The world, indeed, is full of arrangements which are only submitted to because we can find no substitute for them, and out of which, precisely because we submit to them, we are able to elicit an indefinite amount of good. A writer who has been called to govern the QUEEN's dominions, on the ground that he can command the QUEEN's English, might surely admit that a system of preferment may be defensible, though there be no ascertainable relation between the office and the mode of attaining it; and we, on our part, claim it as a merit that, as we see no remedy for anonymous journalism, we submit to it, and practise it, and devote much valuable time to studying it in its most magnificent manifestation.

ITALY.

THE Sardinian Note delivered to the Western Allies on the 27th of March was virtually addressed to France alone. The Government of Turin must not be criticised too harshly if it should at any time make a false step in the midst of the complicated difficulties by which it is surrounded; and, in the presence of an immediate and pressing danger, it is allowable to seek for support in the quarter from which it may be most certainly and efficiently furnished. The sympathies of England for Sardinia are unqualified by any difference of practical or theoretical policy between the two countries; for freedom at home and independence abroad constitute equal titles to the unanimous good will which, on this side of the Channel, attends the progress of the sub-Alpine kingdom. But the great Empire which extends to the foot of the Alps is a more uncertain friend as well as a more indispensable protector. The constitutional system of Piedmont excites little enthusiasm at Paris, where Italian liberty is only likely to be tolerated because it gives weight to France in her perpetual rivalry with Austria; and it is for the purpose of keeping alive the traditional antagonism of the two Imperial Courts, that Count CAVOUR has brought forward a plan for the government of the Legations which will jar in some respects on the feelings of Englishmen. The Sardinian Minister went, perhaps, too far in deference to the ally whom he prudently courts, when he gratuitously expressed his approbation of Count WALEWSKI's unjustifiable attack on Belgium; but menaces held out by a foreign enemy of superior force may excuse almost any policy which tends to avert immediate aggression, and Count CAVOUR's avowal of his unfriendly relations with Count BUOL may have reconciled the Sardinian Parliament to any language calculated to conciliate the favour of France. The House of SAVOY has displayed rare sagacity in preserving its independence by using one of its powerful neighbours as a support against the encroachments of the other; but the game, although it has been successfully played for several generations, is delicate and hazardous. The "august personage" who has recently recommended the Sardinian Government to maintain the independence of the civil power, not long since urged the expediency of a reconciliation with Rome. Good advice cannot be too implicitly followed; but a powerful adviser may sometimes cause embarrassment, and the imperial counsels will at all times be regulated by motives which bear but a varying relation to the interests of Piedmont.

Count CAVOUR's project for the constitution of the Legations is adroitly contrived for the purpose of courting the support of the French Government. A fragment of the Napoleonic kingdom of Italy is to be reconstructed in the district which is bounded by the Po, the Apennines, and the Adriatic; and, with the view of recommending his scheme, the Sardinian plenipotentiary adopts the historical views of THIERS and other Imperialist writers. "Detached," he says, "from the Holy See by the Treaty of Tolentino, those provinces formed a part of the republic, afterwards kingdom, of Italy, until 1814. The organising genius of NAPOLEON changed their aspect as if by enchantment. The French laws, institutions, and administration, in a few years developed wealth and civilization. For this reason, in those provinces, all the traditions, all the sympathies, are fixed on that period. The Government of NAPOLEON is the only one that survives in the memory, not only of the enlightened classes, but of the people. His memory recalls an impartial justice, a strong administration, a state altogether of prosperity, of riches, and of military greatness." The letters of PAUL LOUIS COURRIER, however, present a more authentic picture of the feelings with which the Italian population regarded the French dominion. In 1814, even Austrian supremacy would have been welcomed by many patriots as a relief from the foreign despotism which was then fresh in their memory. The Legations would not unwillingly have shared the destiny of Lombardy; but the jealousy of the Allies defeated the schemes of Prince METTERNICH for a secularization of the States of the Church, and the Protestant Powers, England and Prussia, by restoring the POPE to his dominions, became in some degree responsible for the scandalous misgovernment which has ever since disgraced Central Italy. Three times have the Austrian arms put down revolutions provoked by the tyrannical incapacity of priestly rulers. "France replied," as Count CAVOUR observes, "to the second Austrian intervention by the occupation of Ancona, and to the third by the taking of Rome;" and in both in-

stances, he might have added, she virtually sanctioned and confirmed the usurpations of her rival. The Congress at Paris would have remonstrated with more effect against the presence of foreign troops in the Roman provinces, if the capital itself had not at the same time been occupied by a foreign garrison.

The necessity of a change in the administration of the Legations can scarcely be disputed. The Sardinian Plenipotentiary bases his scheme on the language of the ally on whose support he relies:—"The Emperor NAPOLEON III., with that true and firm *coup d'état* which is his characteristic, has perfectly affirmed and clearly indicated, in his letter to Colonel NEY, the solution of this problem—Secularization and the *Code Napoléon*." No man knows better, however, than Count CAVOUR that an equitable system of jurisprudence may be compatible with habitual misrule. The *Code Napoléon* furnishes the letter of the law which derives its spirit from the character of the Neapolitan judges, and many jurists would prefer the law of Naples to that of England; but only a lunatic pedant could believe that justice was better administered under the influence of FERDINAND than in the name of VICTORIA. The more serious part of the Sardinian project involves the withdrawal of the Legations from the direct government of the Holy See. It is proposed that a lay Vicar, or Hospodar, irremovable for ten years, shall preside over "a territorial and administrative organization of the Principality to be established in the form in which it was under the reign of NAPOLEON I. until 1814." The Ministers and other high functionaries are to be named by the Pontifical Vicar—a general council is to be formed for the examination and regulation of accounts—and an indigenous army is to be raised by conscription. The extraordinary eagerness of the Sardinian Government to conciliate the favour of France is shown by the suggestion that "the French troops returning by land to their own country might, in passing, halt temporarily in the detached provinces. They should remain for a time previously agreed upon, and strictly necessary for the formation of the new indigenous troops which should be organized with their assistance." In other words, a French occupation, accompanied by the secularization of the Legations, would be welcomed by the Government of Turin as an alternative to the threatening presence of Austria. It is at least certain that the proposed arrangement would effectually secure the eastern frontier of Piedmont, and Savoy has not been menaced by France since the fall of LAMARTINE.

The establishment of a national administration and army in Bologna and Ferrara, even under the patronage of France, would be advantageous to Italy, as compared with the present condition of the provinces. It is not unreasonable to suppose that Count CAVOUR entertains ulterior hopes that a time may arrive when his country will no longer depend on the favour of any foreigner; and in the meanwhile, he can scarcely be blamed for preferring the less dangerous confederate in his necessary choice between France and Austria. It is his misfortune that the project which he thinks it prudent to devise is little calculated to obtain the zealous support of England. The Napoleonic institutions excite no enthusiasm among those who are accustomed to look upon freedom as the first requisite of national existence. The Parliament of Turin claims our respect as something more than a council of audit for the examination of accounts; and a mere bureaucracy of *Préfets* and nominated municipalities would scarcely satisfy the aspirations which, until they found a solid ground of hope in the constitution founded by CHARLES ALBERT, ran wild into anarchy and communism.

If, nevertheless, it should be possible for the English Government to promote the secularization of the Roman provinces, no minor difference of opinion ought to interfere with a definite amelioration of the state of Italy. The fears of Sardinia are shown by the urgency with which Count CAVOUR has pressed the measures which he recommends on the consideration of the Allies. Austria is eager to trample out the solitary spark of Italian nationality and freedom; and in ecclesiastical as well as in civil policy, she sees in Piedmont her most dangerous antagonist. If France requires ostentatious deference as the condition of her alliance with the weaker party, it is better that the necessary price should be paid for her support than that the greater Powers should unite to oppress their weaker neighbours. The kingdom of Italy will not be revived; yet, with all its appendages of police, and spies, and military satraps, it was preferable to the degrading dominion of the Papacy, and to the anti-national administration of Austria. The

true policy of England is to protect the independence of secondary States, but to leave the choice between freedom and absolutism to those whom it immediately concerns. There can be no doubt that all Italians would choose a liberal form of Government, if foreign pressure were removed; and Sardinian statesmen may probably be better able than ourselves to judge of the most effective means towards the emancipation of the Peninsula.

FINANCIAL CALCULATIONS OF THE GOVERNMENT.

THE discussion on the financial intentions of the Government will be more interesting than the Budget itself. In his immediate proposals to the House of Commons, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER will have little room for the exercise of ingenuity. There will be no taxes put on, because the war is at an end; and there will be no taxes taken off, because it is not yet fully paid for. For the present year, at least, the Government is pledged not to contract any additional loan; and if the official calculations are well founded, a perpetual annuity of about one million will represent the total increase of the National Debt attributable to the war with Russia. The vast reductions which have been made in the Estimates since the conclusion of peace show a creditable desire to limit, as far as possible, the pressure on the national resources; but it is not desirable that the transition from profusion to parsimony should be too precipitate. Any just discontent which may be felt by the army—and we fear that feelings of deep dissatisfaction are already existing among military men—will find an echo in public opinion; and it has often been found that excessive economy on the part of a Minister has tempted Parliament into extravagance. It is highly important that the Budget should be final and complete; yet a third loan might be found indispensable if the House of Commons were to impose on the Government either an unexpected addition to the expenditure, or a diminution of the anticipated receipts.

In the conversation at the Treasury on Tuesday last, Sir G. C. Lewis justified his expectation that there would be no more funding by the significant remark, "there is the income tax." It is perfectly true that the income tax is there; but the question is, how long it will continue, and on the answer to that question depends the possible necessity for an additional loan. The war taxes—consisting of the extra duty on malt, some minor imposts on commodities, and a second sevenpence in the pound on incomes—were asked and granted for the duration of the war, and for a period of twelve months after the 5th of April following the ratification of a treaty of peace. It was understood that the extra revenue should be received for an entire year after the peace, and that the Treasury should have the benefit of any fractional period which might intervene between the end of the war and the close of the financial year. Neither the Minister nor the House of Commons expected that any practical question would arise with respect to the interval which might elapse between the signature of a definitive treaty and the formality of exchanging ratifications. By the rule of international law, the conclusion of peace—although, until it is ratified, it can only be considered provisional—dates back to the signature of the treaty, so far as the relations of the previous belligerents are concerned. A capture at sea, for example, effected between the two ceremonies would be held, by all Prize Courts, to be invalid; nor can there be any doubt that, in general belief and estimation, the agreement of the Plenipotentiaries, and not the formal assent of the Sovereigns, was accepted as the real termination of the war. On the other hand, the words of the Act point unmistakably to the ratification as the date from which the duration of the war taxes is to be calculated; and if Parliament had regulated the continuance of the grant by the day on which the men in cocked-hats were to perform their antics at Temple Bar, the specification, however capricious and arbitrary, would not have been the less binding. Peace was concluded, however, in the last days of March, and it was absolutely certain that all the Courts concerned in the negotiation had sanctioned the acts of their respective representatives. It is true that, in 1806, the Emperor ALEXANDER disavowed the act of his Ambassador at Paris; but fifty years ago there were no electric telegraphs. Count ORLOFF, during the late Congress, could consult his Sovereign every evening on the resolutions adopted during the day; and if it had been thought decorous to create the precedent of a telegraphic

ratification, the ceremony might have been completed in time to make the extra income tax terminable on the 5th of April, 1857.

A year's payment of income tax thus depends on the accident of a few days, occasioned by the scrupulous formality of diplomatic traditions. A little more speed on the part of the Plenipotentiaries or of their couriers would have placed the tax-payer in the most favourable condition by limiting his obligations to the exact period of twelve months; but the remoteness of St. Petersburg from Paris has exactly reversed his position, and conferred a bonus on the Treasury of six or seven millions. The consideration that, in fiscal matters, the contributor and receiver are identified in interest is irrelevant to the immediate question. It must be assumed that the House of Commons, in sanctioning the impost, meant to impose a sacrifice on those whom it represents, and that the tax-payer has a right to claim the cessation of the burden at the earliest possible moment. There are, doubtless, persons who consider that direct taxation might be advantageously extended as a substitute for imposts which tend more immediately to the restriction of trade; but at present there is no reason to believe that the House of Commons will grant fourteence in the pound on incomes during peace. The continued maintenance of a war tax can only be justified by the necessity of paying off arrears of expenditure after the termination of hostilities; and it remains to be seen whether Parliament will pay, out of the national revenue, a sum which, in the opinion of the advocates of loans, will seem plausibly chargeable to capital. There will be no dispute as to the maintenance of the war taxes for another twelve-month, nor will the Government find it difficult to continue the extra duties on malt and tea for a second year; but it will probably be difficult to resist a demand for the reduction of the income tax from April next to its former amount. The further diminution contemplated before the war by Mr. GLADSTONE will also become a subject of discussion in connexion with this year's Budget.

If the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, in his announcement to the capitalists at the Treasury, assumed that the war taxes were to terminate in the spring of 1857, his course is plain and easy; but it is scarcely possible that, in that case, a loan of five millions can clear off all the obligations resulting from the war. His own language, in a conversation which took place in the House of Commons some weeks ago, seemed to indicate the expectation of a revenue to be undiminished for two years. Such an arrangement would perhaps be found, on the whole, most beneficial to the country; but the deliberate consent of Parliament must be obtained before any calculation can be based on the assumption that the taxes will be conceded for the full period, and the sacrifice of the additional income for the next financial year would render a reconsideration of the Budget unavoidable. There can be no advantage in splitting the total increase of the debt into annual instalments. The payments which are to be met will become due within less than twelve months, and it would be better to borrow at once the sums which may be required than to keep an uncertain loan hanging over the money market. Even if the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER should content himself with a provision for immediate wants, it will be desirable to extract a full statement of his financial intentions. At the conclusion of the war, Government is bound to announce the measures which have been devised in preparation for a return to a state of peace. The enthusiasm which attended the war has not yet wholly subsided; and the House of Commons will, perhaps, be more liberally disposed at the present time than after a year spent in paying bills without any corresponding excitement.

The financial statement will involve a disclosure of the intentions of the Government with respect to the scale of our future military establishments. Notwithstanding some ambiguous expressions used by Lord PANMURE, there is reason to hope that the expediency of economizing the national resources will be steadily kept in view. Under a judicious administration, enlightened by recent experience, the estimates of the latter years which preceded the war ought, with some addition for the unavoidable increase of dead weight, to suffice for the necessities of peace. It is, undoubtedly, desirable to be prepared for any unavoidable rupture; but the military capability of a State is not to be measured at any given moment by counting its troops, or by taking stock of its arsenals. The richest man is not always most abundantly provided with ready money, nor is expenditure

for warlike purposes a test of warlike resources. A great standing army in time of peace wastes the means of military success; and until stores and equipments are wanted, the money which might purchase them may be profitably allowed to fructify in the pocket of the taxpayer. Where no practical liability to invasion exists, two years at most will always be sufficient to bring the army and navy to the highest pitch of efficiency. The first campaign of the Russian war was altogether exceptional in its character; for it would not, in ordinary cases, be necessary to invade an enemy's country three thousand miles off, within six months from the declaration of hostilities. Our heavy losses in the Crimea are almost wholly attributable to the peculiar difficulties attending the unforeseen enterprise of a long and laborious siege, lasting through the dead of winter. In any future war, there would be time to organise reserves before the commencement of any serious expedition. The army which landed in the Crimea was, for its numbers, the most perfect which then existed in Europe, and it will be the duty of successive Governments to maintain a nucleus of veteran troops in the highest state of efficiency. The ancient proportion of artillery to the other arms of the service may be advantageously increased, and officers ought to have the opportunity of learning, in training camps, the science of moving men in masses, and the theory and practice of field operations; but the customary outlay included in the Army and Ordnance Estimates of former years will probably be found sufficient for all useful purposes.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER will have to provide both for the arrears of expenditure resulting from the war, and for the more modest establishment of the future. He has not hitherto had any opportunity of feeling the pulse of the House of Commons; and he may consider himself fortunate if he can obtain from Parliament a virtual pledge that the continuance of the war taxes for two years will enable him to dispense with a further recourse to the system of loans. There is no doubt that such an effort, should the country be willing to make it, would enable the Minister of 1858 to introduce considerable reductions.

PRUDENT COUNSELS.

COUNT WALEWSKI'S threatened attack on the liberties of the Belgian press is not likely to disturb the restored tranquillity of Europe. The Imperial Government has already shown unmistakable signs of its willingness to retire from the false position into which the injudicious zeal of its Plenipotentiary had forced it. The plain speaking of the British House of Commons, and the courageous attitude assumed by the Belgian Minister, seem to have convinced the EMPEROR that the attempt to coerce an independent Government into measures of repression forbidden by its constitution was a grave error. The position of the Count, as the trusted representative of France at a Congress held in her own capital, was such that a direct repudiation of his policy was almost impossible; and although his words may have been less guarded than was intended, there can be little doubt that the general purport of the speech recorded in the protocol of the 8th of April was in harmony with his instructions. A monarch who personally directs the policy of his government, as the Emperor NAPOLEON is known to do, is liable to inconveniences from which a constitutional sovereign is free. He cannot disavow the acts of a Minister without repudiating his own. Every mistake which may have been committed in his name involves a most embarrassing alternative; for he must either persist in an error which may prove ruinous, or he must submit to the humiliation of retracing steps which he has openly taken. There is no man to whom the latter course would be more unpalatable than to the EMPEROR of the FRENCH; and, though we scarcely feared that he would press to extremities the unwise menace of his Minister, we have watched with some anxiety, and more curiosity, to see by what means he would extricate himself from the difficult position in which he was placed.

Fortunately for the French Government, the perfect organization of its own servile press has supplied the necessary machinery. Official, semi-official, and so-called Opposition organs—all, be it remembered, equally under the Imperial control—have been used with a dexterity which promises soon to end the awkward complication. The manly replies of M. VILAIN to the interpellations addressed to him in the Belgian Chamber have been read in

England with sympathy and admiration. Had an answer been sent to the French Government since the publication of the obnoxious protocol? The answer was ready, he replied, and was only withheld because no official communication of the Treaty and its accompanying protocols had been received by the Court of Brussels. Had any demand been made, he was further asked, for a change in the Constitution of Belgium? No such demand, he said, had reached the Belgian Government; and in answer to the final inquiry, whether, if made, it would be complied with, M. VILAIN emphatically exclaimed, "Never!" Such was the explicit declaration of the Belgian Minister, backed by the unanimous support of the Chamber and the people. It was almost a challenge to the EMPEROR to press the requisitions which, till then, he had not ventured directly to make. The abolition of the constitutional right to trial by jury was the only thing which could meet the pretensions of Count WALEWSKI, for every concession short of this had already been made by the law which passed the Belgian Chambers in 1852. A refusal to consent to any constitutional change was, in fact, an express rejection of the demands of France; and after this, it seemed hardly possible for the EMPEROR to escape the difficulty without a rupture between the countries, to which England could not have remained indifferent. But the resources of the Imperial press were equal to the emergency.

Scarcely had the patriotic words of M. VILAIN been spoken, when a telegraphic despatch arrived at Paris, in which the Minister was made to declare, not merely that he would maintain the Constitution of his country, but that he would never consent to any modification of the law relating to the Press. We need not say that no such extravagant declaration was uttered; but the exaggeration, from whatever source it may have proceeded, answered admirably the purpose of the French Government. The telegraphic announcement was permitted to circulate in the unofficial journals of Paris, and at the same time the semi-official *Constitutionnel* was instructed to explain that the complaints of Count WALEWSKI were directed only against a portion of the Belgian Press, which advocated the assassination of his Sovereign. The inference obviously suggested by this arrangement was, that King LEOPOLD'S Ministers had pledged themselves to maintain a system which allowed the assassination of the EMPEROR to be advocated with impunity. The Belgian Government could scarcely remain silent under such an imputation. Its declaration not to submit to foreign dictation had been bold enough to win for it the respect of every free and independent country, but it certainly would have gained little sympathy from us had it avowed its determination to give license and impunity to writers who preach the duty of regicide, and who select a neighbouring monarch as the special object of their sermons. This was the accusation which the French journals had insinuated, and it was met by a direct official denial of the accuracy of the despatch by which the language of M. VILAIN had been perverted. A paragraph was published by authority in the *Moniteur Belge*, reiterating the assurance that no change in the constitution would be proposed, but stating that the Government had not made any declaration of its intentions with regard to the press, and that it meant to reserve to itself, within the pale of the constitution, its full liberty of action, so as to be able to submit to the Chambers, at a fitting opportunity, such modifications as might seem desirable in the laws concerning the press.

This avowal was exactly what the French Government wanted. It is just possible that it was intended to supply a bridge to a retreating enemy, and to give the EMPEROR a decent opportunity of getting out of the dispute with as little discredit as possible. Assuredly there is not much in the straightforward announcement of the Belgian Government that looks like apology, and there is nothing that can be tortured into a retraction of its previous defiance; but it is astonishing how easily an aggressor may be satisfied when his enterprise begins to fail. The EMPEROR of RUSSIA made peace because, as he assured his subjects, all the objects of the war had been attained by the Hatti-Sheriff promulgated by the SULTAN in favour of his Christian subjects; and in the same conciliatory spirit, the EMPEROR of the FRENCH seems disposed to accept the explanation of a false despatch as a full satisfaction of demands which the Belgian Ministry persists in meeting with an express refusal. The short paragraph in which the *Moniteur* of Paris notices the communication in the *Moniteur* of Brussels,

is worthy of all admiration as a specimen of the art of abating pretensions which cannot be maintained, and of accepting an apology which has not been offered. It is not too long to quote, and it is much too good to curtail:—"We congratulate the Belgian Government on the care it takes to guard its intentions from misapprehension. The part of the French Government has been simply to point out the evil and its consequences—it is for the Cabinet of Brussels alone to seek, to find, and to apply the remedy. The Government of the EMPEROR concerns itself with the efficacy, and not with the nature, of the remedy." If we have rightly interpreted the indications given of the future policy of LOUIS NAPOLEON, there are reasonable grounds for hoping that this little newspaper *finesse* may be the sole fruit of Count WALEWSKI'S escapade. M. VILAIN'S carefully-prepared answer may never be called into requisition—the menace held out may never ripen into actual aggression—and the good understanding between France and Belgium may gradually be restored to its former footing. Should our anticipations prove well-founded, a real, though unintentional, service will have been done to the cause of liberty. Belgium will have earned the *prestige* of resisting an attack upon her constitution, and of retaining in her own hands the decision of a question of internal and domestic policy; and the French Government will have learned the necessity of respecting the independence of a weaker neighbour. We trust that the affair may now be regarded as at an end; for it would be deeply to be regretted that any circumstances should arise to diminish the cordiality of the alliance between the two Great Powers of Western Europe.

OUR POLITICAL FUTURE.

DERBYISM is not a combination to regulate and moderate political progress—it is a combination to prevent progress altogether—that is to say, to stop the sun. Too weak to arrest any great national movement, it has strength enough to embarrass moderate Liberal Governments, and to put them in the power of demagogues, as, under the guidance of unscrupulous ambition, it has repeatedly done. It is an unmitigated element of anarchy in the State. So effectually, indeed, has it done its work in destroying true Conservatism, that the more aspiring and impatient of the Derbyite leaders themselves feel compelled to bid for office with a Radical programme. The accession of such a party to power, under its true colours, could only take place through mere Parliamentary accidents, and, if it occurred, could only lead to a violent and dangerous reaction. Under false colours, indeed, the Derbyites, through the inaction of Liberal Governments, might enjoy a short ascendancy, gratifying to the ambition of their leaders, but destructive of all Conservative principle. But what man of sense and honour on the Opposition benches wishes to repeat the scene of the last Derbyite Administration? It is, therefore, not in any spirit of faction—much less in any revolutionary spirit—that we deprecate any movement or combination on the part of moderate Liberals against the present Government, which would play into the hands of the Derbyites, and have the effect of raising them, to the bane of all that is good among themselves, into momentary power.

But, at the same time, it is very clear that the Liberals will have to be provided before long with something more popular, and more deserving of popularity, than a policy of legislative inaction. We cannot live for ever on the reminiscences of the fall of Sebastopol and the Treaty of Paris, though we by no means desire to ignore those events, and though we strongly feel that they entitle Lord PALMERSTON and his colleagues to our gratitude and respect. The political character of the present Premier has been pretty well tested by half a century of political life. He is a Liberal by profession, and, as we have said before, now holds office for the Liberal party. But—owing doubtless to the fact that the most active portion of his public career has been spent in the administration of foreign affairs—his Liberalism has hitherto been of a somewhat projective kind. It passes over English politics to light upon a distant sphere of action in the affairs of the Continent. In English politics, he has rarely had occasion to study great social questions, or to identify himself strongly with social wants and interests. And therefore it is hoped by the enemies of his Government that, his special function of conducting the war being over, he may be unwilling to address himself to the work of peace,

and may lie on his oars till he is in danger of being outbid, even by the Opposition, in promises of reform. They would gladly see him take advantage of the supposed disinclination of the House of Commons to undertake legislation, and build his hopes for the continuance of his power on what we trust is the very precarious foundation of Parliamentary apathy and indifference. We trust that this calculation will be signally falsified by events, and that the statesman to whom the country owes the honourable termination of a successful war, will know how to meet the new demands which a new and altered state of things makes on his judgment and his energies. It were vain to hope that any Government which passively acquiesced in the prostration and inaction of the functions of legislation could long retain the reins of power.

The time, then, is come to devise a policy which shall fairly represent the views and convictions of the entire Liberal party—that is, in effect, of all those who have not placed themselves out of the pale of reason and out of sympathy with the nation. It is clear to demonstration that nothing but an Administration based on such a policy can command a sufficient amount of sincere support to govern the country honestly, energetically, and long. Any Government which fails to realize this first condition of political vitality can only be a Government on sufferance, dragging on a precarious existence between opposite factions, and buffeted backwards and forwards by their contending forces, or else a political hypocrisy like the last Derbyite Administration. If the successful adoption of an intelligible and comprehensive Liberal policy is rendered impossible by sectional differences and personal jealousies—if the amount of self-control and mutual toleration necessary to give effect to such a policy cannot be secured—all we can say is, that the prospects of the country are bad, and those of the House of Commons worse. Things cannot be carried on for ever by a succession of weak Whig Ministries, alternating with Tory interregnums. The time will come when the country will bear no longer with the want of patriotism, the puerile faction, and the uncontrolled vanity and selfishness which lead to such results. So fatal a proof of the incapacity of our public men to appreciate popular wants and to meet popular necessities, would lead to a trying crisis for Parliamentary Government itself; and Liberals cannot too soon come to a clear understanding as to the principles on which the policy of the country is to be based.

REVIEW WRITING.

REVIEWERS commit many sins of which we have nothing to say. They may be dull or lengthy—they may be too lenient or too slashing—but they have a right to indulge in these errors if they please, and the reader has always in his power the easy revenge of refusing to look at what they have written. But there are one or two faults of greater magnitude, which place their criticisms out of the pale of indulgence, and on which we may venture to make a few remarks. These faults are principally two. There is a kind of review, elaborate, carefully written, neatly worded, plausibly argued, of which the whole object is to distort the opinions and expressions of the writer—to make him say what he has not said, to injure him by an artful attack, and to place him, his work, his life, prospects, purposes, and antecedents, in the worst possible light. There is another kind of review, which can scarcely be called a review at all, in which praise or blame, but much more generally the former, is scattered lavishly and inconsiderately, because the reviewer knows the author personally, or because the author is of what he considers the right school, creed, or clique—or perhaps the reviewer does not even take the trouble to praise or blame at all, but is entirely indebted for his critique, as he calls it, to his scissors, and clips out enough striking passages to fill his columns. The two kinds are almost exact opposites—the one arises from the perversion of ingenuity and labour, the other from a wish to avoid labour altogether. But the two extremes meet in this—that they are alike injurious to the author, alike an imposture on the public, and alike unworthy to enjoy the protection of the friendly screen that shelters from criticism all reviews, however poor, which are honestly and conscientiously written.

In the days of Jeffrey and Gifford, it was a regular rule to devil and grill about every alternate author—to eat him bones and all—and to ask an applauding public to assist at the spectacle of cannibalism. But as the circle of literature grew wider, public taste softened the manners of reviewers, and did not permit them to be so fierce. The furious onslaught on M. de Montalembert which appeared in the last number of the *Quarterly Review* seemed to modern readers equally foolish and out of date. It was apparent on the face of it that the giant could not really eat his victim, and it was no use his telling his readers that he smelt the blood of an Englishman. We may take it for granted that

of such reviews we shall have but few more. Unfairness has taken a more decorous and more fatal form. The critic who wishes to exalt his own fame, to stultify his readers, and to wound an opponent, is nowadays far too clever to indulge in vituperation. He trusts to misrepresentation—not to abuse—and strives to raise the impression that it is the readers themselves, rather than the reviewer, that utter the sentence of condemnation. A recent number of the *Quarterly* supplies a remarkable instance of this sort of criticism. Our readers may remember an article entitled "The Neology of the Cloister," the object of which was to prove that two or three eminent clergymen of the English Church have written heretical works. With the question of the orthodoxy of those writers we have nothing to do; but the mode taken to establish the reviewer's point is one quite unconnected with theological doctrine, and it affords a singular specimen of the resources of which men anxious to injure others will avail themselves.

The plan adopted was this. The reviewer stated, and printed in large letters, certain fundamental positions of heresy, expressed in vague language calculated to impose on persons unacquainted with philosophy and theology, and leaving those acquainted with these subjects in doubt as to the systems of which they were meant to be a summary. A string of names notorious for free thought—and very often for thought honestly and rationally free—was appended, and the reader was assured that the persons named held the opinions contained in the opening sentence. Selections were then made, without reference to the context, from the writings of two or three of the least eminent, wise, or popular among them; and, finally, detached sentences were added, extracted from the works which the reviewer wished to brand as heretical. By this ingenious arrangement, the reader was first led to include the theologians attacked in the great list of unorthodox, and was then made to associate them with the names of the least commendable of the group. There is no opinion under the sun which might not in this way be fastened upon a writer. The reviewer's own comments, for instance, might easily be twisted to show that he was a Manichean or a sceptic. And if such a process is to be denounced in any line of literature, it is above all to be reprobated in theology, where the prejudices of men are so sensitive, and a harsh name once given is so hard to get rid of.

Instances of the opposite extreme abound in every periodical whose position is not high enough to force its criticism up to the standard of painstaking and scrupulous honesty. If we turn to any list of book-advertisements, we may see how carelessly unmeaning praise is lavished by reviewers. It is true that very often the praise is really due to the advertiser, who selects a few words of panegyric from a page of adverse comment, and thus makes a critic praise against his will. But we can often see, by the wording of the criticism, that the passage selected does not do any great injustice to the whole. A week or two ago, a little work was advertised in the *Times*, as *French without a Master, in a Fortnight*, price 6d. The following criticism was added, from some obscure journal: "This little work performs more than it promises." Considering that, for the very moderate sum of sixpence, and without any other assistance whatever, the book offered in fourteen days to teach a language which the ablest scholar, under the best and most expensive Parisian tuition, will know very imperfectly at the end of fourteen months, we can only say that if it does perform more than it promises, it is worth buying; and it is to be hoped that its author will treat a few other subjects in the same way, and then parents will be able to educate their children completely for half-a-crown a-head. This is perhaps going rather farther than such puffs go generally; but it is astonishing how very nearly we see it rivalled, not in one instance, but in many, if we go over any long list of literary advertisements. Let the reader take up, for example, the last number of the *North British Review*, and he will find among the advertisements numberless criticisms which, if warranted, would show that there is really a frightful amount of first-rate literature neglected and forgotten by the public. A work called *Our Friends in Heaven* is welcomed by the *Paisley Journal* with a tribute to its style that might have satisfied Addison or Burke:—"The diction is elegant, but powerful; smooth, yet nervous. A master of imagery, the author is never its servant. In his hands the metaphor especially is used with great effect." A publication, bearing the title of *Little Things*, is stamped with the approbation of the *British Mother's Magazine*, which says—"This little book is worth its weight in gold, and a great deal more." Those whom this criticism might incite to purchase the book, but who might fear lest, if heavy and bulky, its weight in gold would be a serious expense, will be glad to hear that it is in 18mo, and bound in limp cloth. Apparently, also, the publisher does not appreciate it so highly as the reviewer, for he offers it at ninepence. The same judicious periodical also observes of a little story, called "Set about it at once," that it is "an admirable series of domestic pictures, set in beautiful and symmetrical frames of heavenly truth." On a volume, called the *Way Home*, the following commendation is bestowed by the *Literary Spectator*, which at any rate makes us feel that people's notions of "a pleasing variety" differ:—"Rarely have we met with a narrative abounding with such a pleasing variety. Besides the biography of two interesting boys, who were prematurely cut off by a railway accident, we have a picturesque record of Continental travel, and sound counsel as to family training." We have never had the good fortune to meet with any of these

highly important but unobtrusive publications, and therefore cannot judge whether this excess of praise is justified. But we find in the list one or two works with which we have a previous acquaintance, and the praise they receive makes us rather distrust that awarded to books which we do not know. We lately reviewed in these columns, a work called the *Lamps of the Temple*, and the estimate we formed of it scarcely enables us to agree with the *Christian Weekly News* in saying, "The volume is a very remarkable one of its class. It exhibits great reading, a richly furnished intellect, a graphic, vivid, and beautiful style, much fancy, rare power of illustration, and profound homage to evangelical truth." Even this is eclipsed by a paragraph added to the advertisements of Sir A. Alison's *History in Blackwood's Magazine*. The force of puffing can no further go:—

The perusal of Alison's works, indeed, is an education in itself; and it is one so intimately connected with present times—with the ideas and events now influencing the world, that without it all others would be imperfect. To the young statesman, the soldier, the student, as well as to the great mass, whom instinct and interest alike lead to a contemplation of the age in which they live, we would unhesitatingly name Alison's *History* as the most indispensable of books.

Such reviewing is a sort of fraud on the public; and it would be a very serious fraud, only that we do not suppose that any great number of people really go, without further inquiry, to lay out half a crown on the mere recommendation of the *British Mother's Magazine*. But the other form which careless and idle reviewing takes—that of clipping out extracts—is a fraud at once on the public and the author. A reviewer is supposed to review—to state what a book contains, what is the value of its contents, what relation it bears to preceding literature, what are its faults and beauties. He is not expected to give a series of elegant extracts, to glance over the table of contents and wherever the subject looks interesting, to turn to the passage, snip it out, and send it off to his printers. The object of an author in writing his fine passages is not to win bread for his critics, and he is plundered if these passages are printed in a cheap form at full length within a week of his book being published. Of course, it is a question of degree; for nothing can be more legitimate than to insert a quotation showing the peculiar felicities, opinions, or mistakes of the author, in order to justify or illustrate the criticism of the reviewer. But the reviews to which we allude contain no criticism at all. Their only object is to save the writer trouble, and to enable him to review twenty books in a day. They are generally conceived in some such fashion as the following:—"We welcome with delight a new work by the popular novelist, Mr. A. It has all the merits of his former works, in addition to new ones of its own. Perhaps we cannot better do it justice than by extracting the following lively description of the times in which the scene is laid, and the characters which take a part in the drama." Here the printer is told to insert an extract of twenty pages; and then the critic's labours are over, and he has earned his little something, and robbed the author, and given his readers the best part of a book that did not belong to him, at a remarkably cheap rate—all which is very satisfactory to him, but very unsatisfactory to the celebrated novelist. It may be said that the public would rather be without his criticism, and do not care for any review he could give. This is very probable; but if they only wish to read the author, they should be left to read him in his own volumes.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

II.

PERHAPS the most remarkable picture in the Academy's exhibition, in more senses than one, is the "Scapegoat," by Holman Hunt. It belongs to a class of subjects to which he has already shown a decided leaning, but which scarcely afford a legitimate field for the painter. A symbol which, in writing, finely conveys a certain thought, may, in the painter's hands, inevitably lose all its beauty, and become repulsive from the very power with which it is forced upon us; and at any rate, in dealing with a solemn subject, the artist should choose the noblest type, especially when he combines with the symbolism such intense realism—as indeed he ought—in the working out. "The Light of the World" answered this requirement; for we could accept that noble figure, with the grand sorrowing countenance and jewelled crown, as a not unfitting representation of Christ. But we revolt from the emblem which the artist has chosen this year. It was doubtless necessary to impress upon the minds of the Jews the reality of Christ's coming and Atonement by a constant symbolism, easy and forcible in application, carried through their daily lives and worship; but for us, who know that "He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows," these types have little teaching. Apart, however, from the fundamental error of taste shown in this picture, there is scarcely anything left for us but to wonder and admire. The scene is so strange and new to most of us that we take its truthfulness on trust from the artist, and from what may be called the internal evidence of the picture—viz., its intense carefulness, and that look of nature with which all true study from nature impresses us. The sky, glowing like an opal—the distant range of hills, with their heights flushed and burning in the sunset light, and their base in shadow—and the livid green of the level, lifeless water stretching far away—are inimitably fine in colour, drawing, and gradation. Coming nearer to the foreground, to the "salt-incrusted shallows," we are sur-

prised to find the reflections from sky and mountains brighter than their realities; but even this we are inclined to take on faith from Mr. Hunt, as it seems almost impossible that he could have made a mistake in such a matter. The goat, feeble and exhausted, and soon to be counted among the skeletons already strewn upon the desolate shore and faintly lit by the sun's last rays, is finely felt and successfully rendered. The light on the animal is warm, but the salt flat on which its shadow is thrown, and which is lit by the same rays, is cold. How is this? Take it for all in all, it is a wonderful picture, and must amply repay the artist for his toils, even without taking into consideration numerous smaller studies, three of which are in the miniature room. We can form little idea of the steadfast purpose and iron will which were necessary to him and his companion, Mr. Thomas Seddon, in carrying out their determination of bringing home faithful transcripts of the Holy Land as it is in our day. With the one great exception of Mr. John Lewis, they are the first who have made this attempt. Mr. Seddon has three very earnest and successful studies in the Academy, though they are not the best he has done. As Lewis's finest picture is at the Old Water Colour Exhibition this year, it will be better to speak of the two in the Academy in our notice of that collection.

In a corner of the East Room, placed too high to be well seen, is a quiet grey picture, which attracts the notice of few whose attention is not specially directed to it; but, the eye and thoughts once fixed on it, we leave it reluctantly. The subject is taken from an old ballad, called "Burd Helen." That cool treacherous knight on horseback is trying to desert—has deserted already in his heart—the woman who stands breathless by him holding on to the saddle. She has run by the horse's side the "live-lang simmer's day"—through prickly broom, along dry roads and stony paths—and now, with failing breath and heart, and hand pressed to her side, she sees the horse, unrestrained by his master, step into the swollen stream. To follow further will be her death; and he, playing with his bridle, watches her, wondering how she will defeat him now. This is a touching episode in the endless history of the struggle between the true and false heart in man and woman; but Mr. Windus has not only chosen an exquisite subject, but has given us a picture equal to the theme. He has thought and felt it out most subtly, not only in the principal figures, but in sky and landscape. The sky is filmed over with thin clouds, but stormier clouds are surging up from the horizon. The kite hovering over its prey—the dreary heath—the stony precipitous path—the water rippled by the horse's foot—are all suggestive and full of poetry, and are painted with refined truthfulness and tender lovely colour. The horse, however, is very faulty in drawing, and weakly painted; and one would have liked a trace of greater loveliness in the girl's face.

Of all the pictures whose subjects have been taken from the circumstances of the late war, Barwell's "London Gazette" of last year, and Paton's "Home" of this, are the most touching, from their simple genuine feeling. The utter prostration of the girl in Barwell's picture, under the sudden mighty grief that had fallen upon her, did not appeal more deeply to our sympathies than the joy, too intense for words, in Paton's group. The soldier has returned maimed and ill, but that is forgotten—he is at home once again, and for good, for the war is over. The wife, kneeling, clasps her arms round him as he sits, her head pressed against him, her eyelids closed, through which the tears must press directly, for her throat is swelled with suppressed sobs. The soldier, with his one arm encircling her, looks down fondly and sadly, while his old mother hides her face on his shoulder in a passion of weeping, the baby all the while sleeping soundly in the cradle. A box of letters lies open on the table. They have had their day—the writer can now speak for himself. It is nightfall, and through the window we see the spire of the village church dimly against the sky. All the accessories are well and thoughtfully introduced. The effect of firelight is capitally given, and is an excellent lesson to Rankley (who has a large fire-lit picture in the architectural room this year), and to most others who have attempted fire or lamplight; for it represents firelight as seen by firelight, and not as seen by daylight. It is no less incorrect and absurd to paint firelight as orange as it appears when contrasted with daylight, than it would be to paint daylight as blue as it appears when contrasted with firelight. The colour and surface are the great failing points in this picture; and as it makes us long for the former in particular, we will turn to the works exhibited by J. Philip. This artist has made an immense advance this year. No. 248, "Agnà Fresca on one of the bridge roads in Spain," is the best; and a splendid picture it is of its kind—being simply a transcript of Spanish peasant out-of-door life, fresh and brilliant in colour, powerful in tone, and with a grand ease and life in the figures. The man, especially, drinking from the jar, is fine in character and attitude. No. 535, "A Gipsy Water Carrier of Seville," though not so brilliant in effect, is quite as fine in other respects. It is very powerful in tone, and there is a quiet, easy, womanly dignity in the figure, with very rich harmonious colour. The throat, arms, and hands are magnificently drawn and modelled, and of a rare type—strong, yet refined. The bold relief, without hardness, of the dark profile and figure against the bright wall, is most skilfully managed. No. 295, "And the Prayer of Faith shall save the Sick," falls strangely short in subject of what the title would lead us to expect. It is more faulty also as a painting than the other two; but the centre group of the mother

and two children is a grand conception, equally fine in composition, tone, and colour, and masterly in the handling. The unconventional push-out of the woman's foot is capital. But the two girls' heads behind are poor, and the man leaning against the column is weak and debased in character. One can hardly fancy it by the same hand, and meant for a specimen of the same race, as the splendid fellow in No. 248.

Poole's picture of "The Conspirators" is a most successful piece of torchlight effect. He has entered completely into his subject, and makes us feel, without exaggeration of attitude or expression, that the three men are whispering of matters of life and death. He has given all the mysterious exciting interest of the midnight meeting; and the child faintly lit by the torch, and sleeping peacefully and unconsciously in the boat, is a touch of poetry. After the Academy had been open a few days, young Wallis "found himself famous." His "Chatterton" not only gives promise of great things in the future, but is itself, though not faultless, a picture of high achievement. It reminds us of Egg's "Death of the Duke of Buckingham," last year, and, fine as that was, almost rivals it. The sad history of Chatterton's misdirected genius and boyish vanity is well known. Wallis has chosen for his subject the morning after the poet's mad deed, and has painted the corpse stretched on a bed in a poor cottage. The morning light streams on to the figure, which is simply and exquisitely drawn—the head and right arm fall over the side of the bed, the hand clenching some fragments of a manuscript—the poison-phial lies empty on the floor, the candle is just burnt out, and the last thin thread of smoke is melting away through the window. London is seen in the distance, grey and cold, as he found it. This picture is impressive, from its stern simplicity and reality. The painting of the bright morning sky, seen through the window, is really wonderful. Wallis's other work, though far inferior in sentiment, and less complete as a picture, gives equal proof of power. The *chiaroscuro* is quite as skilful, and there are some fine pieces of painting in it, such as the bit of Turkey carpet. The Lord Treasurer's head and whole figure are very fine—the great failure being the head of Andrew Marvell, which is neither honest nor intelligent. "April Love," by Arthur Hughes, is a lovely conception, full of poetry. The head of the young girl is exquisitely pure, and yet subtle in expression; and the clasp of the man's hands with hers, and the head bowed down upon them, are full of passion and tenderness. It is a great pity the picture is not more equally carried out. There is too much fondness for crude colour, purple especially. The old twisted trunk is finely painted, but the ivy leaves upon it, though most delicately drawn, look metallic and untrue. The scarf thrown over the girl's shoulders is a lovely piece of painting, but the violet dress is raw in colour and ugly in form; while her right arm and hand are too small, and very weakly drawn. The fine conception of the picture makes us almost forgive and forget these defects, but we want Mr. Hughes himself neither to forget his faults nor forgive himself until he has conquered them. His other picture, "The Eve of St. Agnes," is just as unequal. It is divided into three compartments, of which the centre one by far surpasses the other two. Everyone who knows Keats' poem will feel how imaginatively and faithfully the painter has translated it into his own language. "The blue affrayed eyes" of Madeline, who believes herself still dreaming, and lifts herself upon her arm to see more clearly the very vision she had prayed for—the quiet steady look of her lover, who fears to break the spell by a hasty movement or eager glance—are exquisitely imagined. The line of her figure, and the way in which the white drapery falls over it, are very beautiful; and the moonlight which pours in through the stained glass window, tinging the drapery, though perhaps too faintly, is well rendered. But the uniform greenness of the right compartment is incomprehensible, and one can scarcely believe the figures in the left to be intended for the same as those in the centre.

Dobson exhibits two pictures this year, which prove him to be more than ever enthralled by the success of what may be called a mannerism in subject, which began in genuine sentiment, but has ended in insipid sentimentality. When we recal his "Tobias and the Angel," with its exquisitely graduated sky, and see so much that is really fine in his pictures—such lovely groups of children—as, for instance, the two catching butterflies, and the boy feeding the dog in No. 310—such pure drawing and masterly expression, as in the woman stretched on the ground in the Job picture—such feeling for beauty of drapery, and for lovely colour, except in the flesh—we cannot but grieve over the misdirection of his talents. One of the truest pieces of criticism ever uttered was pronounced last year, on one of his Dorcas pictures, by a brother artist. After standing a few minutes before it, he turned round to the person who had asked his opinion, and said, "It is very beautiful; but Dorcas was a bustling woman." He struck exactly the right chord. There is no "sense of fact"—none of the true imaginative faculty which would teach the artist to see things as they really were, instead of as they never could have been. Job, in his vigorous, happy days, must have been a "bustling" man—keen, earnest, active—and not the inanimate young dandy, the cynosure of young ladies' eyes, with ornamented walking-stick, and shawl thrown gracefully (but very inconveniently) over his shoulders, which seems to be the Dobson ideal.

It must not be supposed that the correctness of even the most distinguished men among the pre-Raphaelites is above impeach-

ment. A singular proof of this is supplied by Millais's picture, "The Blind Girl." Almost everybody knows that in nature the order of the colours in the secondary rainbow is the reverse of their order in the primary. Millais has painted them, however, in precisely the same order in both rainbows. It is curious he should have made such a blunder, but still more curious that Mr. Ruskin should not have noticed it in his new pamphlet. One can imagine the vehemence with which so gross a scientific heresy would have been denounced in a painter of the elder generation. We observe that Mr. Ruskin in his preface offers to recommend the *Quarterly Reviewer* to a school where he may learn "astronomy and optics."

THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

AT the last Meeting of this Society, a paper was read, entitled—*On the Figure, Dimensions, and Mean Specific Gravity of the Earth, as derived from the Ordnance Trigonometrical Survey of Great Britain and Ireland*; by Colonel James, F.R.S., Superintendent of the Ordnance Survey.

The Trigonometrical Survey of the United Kingdom was commenced in 1784, under the immediate auspices of the Royal Society. The first base was traced by General Roy, on the 16th of April of that year, on Hounslow Heath, in presence of Sir Joseph Banks, then President of the Royal Society, and some of its most distinguished Fellows. The principal object which the Government had then in view was the connexion of the Observatories of Paris and Greenwich by means of a triangulation, for the purpose of determining the difference of longitude between the two Observatories. A detailed account of the operations then carried on is given in the first volume of the *Trigonometrical Survey*, and in the *Philosophical Transactions*.

At the time when these operations were in progress, the survey of several counties in the south-east of England, including Kent, Sussex, Surrey, and Hampshire, was also going forward, under the direction of the Master-General of the Ordnance, for the purpose of making military maps of the most important part of the Kingdom in an engineering point of view; and it was then decided to make the triangulation which extended from Hounslow to Dover the basis of a triangulation for these surveys. Colonel James regrets that a more enlarged view of the subject had not then been taken, and a proper geometrical projection made for a map of the whole Kingdom. As it was, the south-eastern counties were first drawn and published in reference to the meridian of Greenwich—then Devonshire, in reference to the meridian of Buttern, in that county—and, thirdly, the northern counties, in reference to the meridian of Delamere, in Cheshire. But there is a large intermediate space, the maps of which are made of various sizes to accommodate them to the convergence of the meridians.

In 1799, the Royal Society greatly assisted the progress of the survey by lending the Ordnance its great three-foot theodolite, made by Ramsden. Colonel James mentions as a remarkable illustration of the excellence of the instruments constructed by that celebrated instrument-maker, that, although the theodolite in question has been in almost constant use for the last sixty-seven years, during which time it has been placed on the loftiest church towers and the highest mountains in the Kingdom, from the Shetlands to the Scilly Islands, it is at this day in perfect working order, and, in Colonel James's opinion, one of the very best instruments that has ever been made.

The computations connected with the corrections of the observed angles, to make the whole triangulation as nearly as possible perfectly consistent, have been most voluminous. They have been principally made under the directions of Colonel Yolland, Captain Cameron, and Captain Clarke, assisted by the valuable advice and experience of the Astronomer Royal. In the early part of the Survey, the most important and delicate observations were entrusted solely to commissioned officers; but of late years these duties have been performed by non-commissioned officers with the greatest skill and accuracy.

The triangulation has now been made consistent in every part, so that, any side of any triangle being taken as a base, the same distance will be reproduced when it is computed through any portion, or the whole series of triangles. A striking illustration of the great accuracy of this national survey is afforded by the fact that when the five measured bases on which the entire survey depends are incorporated in this triangulation, the greatest difference between their measured and computed lengths is less than three inches, and yet some of the bases are upwards of 400 miles apart.

Several bases of from five to seven miles long have been measured, but those upon which the chief reliance has been placed, are the Lough Foyle and Salisbury Plain bases, which were measured with General Colby's compensation-bars. The difference between the measured and computed length of the one base from the other, through the triangulation, is only 0.4178 feet, or about five inches. This difference has been divided in proportion to the square root of the lengths of the measured bases, by which the mean base used in the triangulation has been obtained. There is therefore a difference of two inches and a half between the measured and computed length of these bases from the mean base.

The great Hounslow Heath base was measured with Ramsden's 100-foot steel chains, and only differs 0.173 feet, or about two

inches, from its computed length from the mean base. The Belhelvic base, in Aberdeenshire, also measured with the steel chains, differs only 0.24 feet, or less than three inches, from the computed length; and the difference between the measured and computed length of the Misterton Carr base, near Doncaster, is less than two inches. Thus the difference between the computed and measured lengths of these three bases (measured with steel chains) is not greater than the difference between the measured and computed length of the Lough Foyle and Salisbury Plain bases (measured with the compensation-bars)—from which the author infers, that bases measured with steel chains are deserving of the greatest confidence. The extreme simplicity, portability, and cheapness of the chains, compared with the complex, heavy, and expensive apparatus of the compensation-bars, will, in the opinion of the Ordnance Survey Officers, lead to their adoption for measuring purposes, and particularly in countries where the transport of heavy articles is effected with difficulty.

One of the first practical results arising from the completion of the triangulation of the United Kingdom is, that we are now able to engrave the latitude and longitude on the marginal lines of the old sheets of the one-inch map of England; and this is now being done at the Ordnance Map-office, at Southampton.

The equatorial diameter of the earth, as derived from the Ordnance Survey, is 7926.610 miles, or about one mile greater than that given by the Astronomer Royal in his *Figure of the Earth*. The ellipticity is $\frac{1}{298.33}$. The mean specific gravity is 5.316. The elements of the spheroid most nearly representing the surface of Great Britain, are:—

Equatorial semi-diameter . . .	3963.305 miles.
Polar " " " " " "	3950.064 " "

In the course of the discussion which followed the reading of this paper, it was stated that the proposed astronomical expedition to Teneriffe, which will soon leave England, affords an admirable opportunity of ascertaining the mean specific gravity of the earth far more accurately than has hitherto been done. Government has requested the Council of the Royal Society to make any scientific suggestions that they may think proper, with reference to the expedition in question; and it is understood that Colonel James is willing to proceed to Teneriffe and superintend the necessary geodetic operations for ascertaining the specific gravity of our planet, for which the celebrated Peak of that island presents unusual advantages.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE re-opening of Her Majesty's Theatre was an event of a very different character from the ordinary commencement of an operatic season. It was the restoration of an integral part of the social life of London, the want of which had marred the festivities of the last few years more than we were well aware of at the time. After all, there is nothing to compare with old enjoyments and old friends. Moralists have talked nonsense about pleasure deriving its chief zest from novelty, till, in its simplicity, the world half believed them. But scenes like that of last Saturday at the Opera, teach a truer philosophy, and remind us that the highest source of delight is to be found in old associations. However earnest may be our zeal for change and progress in political matters, we are all essentially conservative in our amusements. New gratifications are too bewildering to be altogether pleasant, and all our genuine enthusiasm is reserved for familiar pleasures, in which bright recollections of the past fill us with the tranquil satisfaction which is the best preparation for positive enjoyment. The brilliant audience of Saturday was a visible witness to this truth. Before a note was heard, you might see the evident traces of the delight with which they found themselves once more in the well-remembered house.

The sentiment which thus heightened the pleasures of an opening night gave an aspect of real joy to the multitudes who thronged every part of the theatre, which we never remember to have observed on any former occasion. To see the old Opera-house looking as it used to look, with well known faces in almost every box, and the old management presiding over their amusement, was a source of gratification not less potent than the glorious tones of Alboni, or the floating grace of the young Katrine. The appearance of an old favourite like Alboni, who had been for years a stranger to the London stage, was exactly in harmony with the temper of the audience. The greeting which she received on her first entry was scarcely less enthusiastic than the applause which rewarded her magnificent performance of the closing scene. The last was the homage to her genius, but the first was better, for it was the cordial welcome of an old friend. Every occasion for the display of good humour was seized with avidity; and an accidental delay which occurred in the course of the performance only served to increase the general satisfaction by furnishing an opportunity for applauding to the echoes the ready recitative in which Calzolari improvised his apology. But the warmest demonstration of all was reserved for the enterprising manager, who was vociferously summoned before the curtain to receive the congratulations of the assembly on his restoration to the Operatic throne. This was the key-note of the occasion. From the beginning to the end, the evening was one brilliant ovation to Mr. Lumley. The performances were such as would have satisfied the most critical audience; and the audience which filled the house was determined to be pleased. The good humour in which they met had grown to rapturous delight before they parted. Bouquets and

wreaths of laurel were showered on all who distinguished themselves in opera or ballet, and even those who filled the less conspicuous parts earned and received an unusual share of the acknowledgments of the public.

The opera of *La Cenerentola*, which was selected for presentation, is one of the most delightful productions of the early manhood of the composer—a work at once fresh and mature—a *bona fide* Italian opera, too, of the days when as yet dramatic effect was not accepted as a substitute for melody or musical construction, and when the “giant strength” of the orchestra was occasionally used with the “gentleness of the child.”

Whatever curiosity might have been felt respecting any other circumstance connected with the evening's entertainment, there can be no doubt that the re-appearance of Madame Alboni was that about which the great mass of Saturday's audience felt the most concern. With whatever “compass of notes” nature may have endowed her, and however art may have brought its extremes under control, Madame Alboni's voice, however exceptional of its kind, is a *contralto* voice. By incessant and well directed labour she has acquired such command over the second, and properly speaking *subordinate*, though higher, register, as to execute with exquisite effect, and apparent ease, sustained passages of a *tessitura* indisputably *soprano*. The experiment was a hazardous one, and has never before been attempted without destroying prematurely the natural powers for which an unnatural extension was sought. Of this, however, it is right to say, the vocalization of Madame Alboni shows no sign. If her lower notes have lost something of their wonted fulness and intensity, her upper notes have gained in those qualities—the voice acquiring, as a whole, strength from the weakness which has come over particular portions of it. In her earlier performances we have often fancied that we were listening to the successive *entrées* of two singers in a duet, rather than to a solo executed by one—so unlike were the registers to each other. Now the very extreme notes obviously form part of one instrument, Madame Alboni having attained, in wonderful perfection, the art of carrying up or down the *production* natural to either register, according to the requirements of the passage for which it is called into requisition. So much for the instrument—of Madame Alboni's method of using it, it would be difficult to speak too highly. In all that belongs strictly to the art of singing she is now truly admirable. Her vocalization is brilliant and facile, her articulation clear, her power of increasing or diminishing the force of individual notes seems almost without limit, and—a grace beyond the reach of art—her *phrasing* is most happy. In fact, despite her anomalous position as the performer of a part fitted for one instrument, on another originally of different quality and pitch, she occupies that position so gracefully, and plays that part so well, that her hearers are little likely to trouble themselves with speculations as to the possibility of those powers being maintained for any lengthened period in their present perfection.

Signor Calzolari, though not gifted with one of those *sympathetic* voices which sometimes gain for those who possess them credit for sentiment of which they are utterly unconscious, was always a favourite of ours. He seems likely this season to enlarge the circle of his admirers. His tone has gained in sweetness and in strength, and he returns—what he was when he left us—the best living interpreter of those florid tenor parts which abound in the earlier operas of Rossini—parts which more recent composers have ceased to call into existence, for the simple reason that our contemporary school of *declamatory* tenors cannot execute the passages in which they abound. The new *basso cantante*, whose speciality we understand to be the representation of serious characters, made his first appearance under circumstances which would have been fatal to an inferior artist, not only in a part altogether out of his line, but, we believe, without a rehearsal. No circumstances, however, be they ever so unaccustomed or unfavourable, can altogether obscure real merit; and we shall await another hearing of Signor Beneventano with more interest than anxiety.

Mademoiselles Berti and Rizzi, to whom were allotted the somewhat ungrateful parts of the Sisters of Cinderella, sang the important music which fell to their share in a manner which contributed greatly to the perfection of the concerted pieces. Signor Zucconi showed familiarity with the business of the stage, and thorough acquaintance with the music set down for him; but his physical powers are scarcely equal, in a large theatre, to such a part as that of Don Magnifico.

An orchestra got together at so short a notice—whose opportunities of trying one another's powers, and making acquaintance with the ways of their conductor can as yet have been but few—could hardly be expected to reach its full perfection on the first performance. A little over-prominence of the double-basses was the most serious of its faults; but defects of this kind will be sure to disappear as the season advances. Signor Bonetti comes among us with the reputation of being an excellent *chef-d'orchestre*, and the general performance of Saturday evening was most creditable to his exertions and his taste. His somewhat redundant gesticulation, however—no drawback to a comic performance—might be tamed down with advantage before the production of the first opera *seria*.

The ballet has been restored to the position which it occupied before the closing of the Haymarket Opera. It is no longer an

insignificant interpolation in the second act of an opera, but an independent and important item in the attractions. The “Four Seasons” were represented by four rivals, new to the English stage. All of them found favour, and retired with an abundance of bouquets, and actual as well as metaphorical laurels. Borchetti is likely to prove a permanent favourite, for the force and precision of her evolutions. Bellon and Lisereux displayed some novelty and considerable elegance; but Katrine (the representative of Spring in the *divertissement*) seems to us the most likely to achieve a great reputation. She never was betrayed into sacrificing grace to make a display of agility. Her grace and delicacy are charming, and she floated about the stage in an airy fashion that suggested powers of locomotion of a kind withheld from ordinary mortals. It was nearly midnight when the curtain fell, and there was an end at last to the gay gathering, which had more the aspect of a meeting of old friends in the home of a thousand pleasant recollections than of an audience collected to criticise the entertainments provided for another season. The critical tone may after a while return, but, with the strength already collected, and the additions of Piccolomini, Wagner, Albertini, and Rosati, the management may safely challenge the criticism of the most fastidious.

THE NEW PLAY AT THE OLYMPIC.

UNDER the title of *Retribution*, a new piece of considerable merit has been produced this week at the Olympic. Much of the acting is admirable, and a lively dialogue and a few telling situations serve to redeem, if they cannot hide, the slightness and weakness of the plot. Badly acted, it would be intolerable; for there is neither dramatic truth nor adherence to nature in the construction and elaboration of the story. But it would be a very bad piece that Mr. Wigan and Miss Herbert could fail to make interesting; and a spectator will find at the end of the performance that his interest has been well sustained, and that he wishes nothing more than that the play had been as well constructed as it is acted.

The retribution announced in the title is that exacted by a husband from the seducer of his wife. Returning from a long voyage, he finds the sanctity of his home violated, and his dying wife whispers into his ear with her last breath the name of her paramour. Simply killing him would be too poor a vengeance—so the husband assumes a feigned name, goes to Paris, and, cultivating an intimate acquaintance with his enemy, makes love to his enemy's wife. She is fascinated, but not subdued. But the avenger offers to prove that her husband is unfaithful to her, and her desire to satisfy her doubts throws her into his power. She appoints an hour when he will find her alone, and when he is to furnish proof strong enough to satisfy her mind. The evening arrives, and she receives her lover; and, after assuring herself of the infidelity of her husband, she owns her affection for the man whom her husband has so deeply injured. The completion of his vengeance is now within his grasp, but he is overcome by the trustfulness and purity of the lady, and forbears to take advantage of her defenceless love. Next morning she comes to the apartment of her lover, to ask the truth of a report which has alarmed her. Her husband comes in, and his pretended friend throws off his disguise—reveals himself as the avenger of the fatal crime—permits the seducer to know that his own wife is concealed in an inner room, and then kills him in a duel fought on the spot. The wife rushes out in time to support the body of her dying husband, and she and her lover join in earnest protestations that she is still pure. On this state of things the curtain falls, and the spectator has to put up with so poor an ending as he best may. The whole plan of retribution comes to nothing—and that without any great display of virtue or generosity on the part of any one. The husband is killed, and the lady has confessed her passion for another; but too little is saved on her part, and too little forgiven on that of the avenger, to make much impression on an audience. The husband also is represented as a careless and pleasant fellow, who seems hardly worth killing, and the whole conception of the drama is devoid of purpose. Dramatically speaking, the vengeance ought to have been completed. There would have been something terrible, something exciting, in the successful execution of a very wicked purpose. Morally, this might not have been edifying; but if a dramatist wishes to be moral, he must either not take such a subject at all, or he must contrive some ending which shall be as striking on the side of virtue as the natural ending of the plot would be on the side of vice. As it is, the lady is neither virtuous nor impure; and the lover half relents, and half gratifies his thirst for vengeance. There seems to be no ending at all, and when the green curtain falls, we can hardly persuade ourselves that there is not to be another act.

As the characters are supposed to fill a distinguished place in the world of Parisian fashion, the actors are exposed to that test which tries them so severely when the scene is laid in a modern drawing-room. A partial success is impossible in a sphere with which the audience are so familiar, and the slightest vulgarity dispels at once all the illusion. It is because there are so few actors, and so very few actresses, in England who can make us believe that they are really in a drawing-room, that pieces which are charming and graceful on the French stage usually become coarse and repulsive when transferred to our own. Thus the acting of Mr. Wigan and Miss Herbert, independently of its positive ex-

cellence, receives an additional attraction from our sense of the rarity of the kind to which it belongs. When we say that Miss Herbert acts like a lady, we are placing her where she has few rivals, for it would be difficult to name more than three English actresses of whom as much can be said. In addition to the graces of look and manner, her part also permitted her to display very considerable powers of acting. The change from the cold and distracted reserve of her earlier behaviour to the warmth and passion of the later scenes, was contrived with many nice gradations, and much fine appreciation of what is at once natural and effective. Mr. Wigan's part did not enable him to do himself full justice, as the moody and unvarying sternness which it was his duty to exhibit prevented his displaying that union of gaiety with feeling which is the chief characteristic of his acting. But what he had to do he did well, and he surmounted with great skill the difficulties which his part threw in his way. Altogether, if we cannot call *Retribution* a great success, it is a success in the right direction. We want, at any rate, one theatre in London where the entertainment shall be short, and shall consist of highly finished representations of modern life. The Olympic attempts to meet this want, and it meets it much better than might have been expected in the present condition of the English stage.

REVIEWS.

CREASY'S HISTORY OF THE OTTOMAN TURKS.*

THE history of the Ottoman Turks is one well deserving of study on more permanent grounds than our political connexion with their representatives at the present day. It is in itself one of the most wonderful phenomena in the annals of the world. In its steady gradual advance, and in the extent of territory included within it, the Roman Republic, indeed, surpassed the Ottoman Empire. Rome had seven centuries of growth—the Ottomans had but three. And perhaps even the guaranteeing Powers will hardly undertake to secure to the empire they preserve an old age quite so long as the period between the first Julius and the last Palæologus. But, considered as an Oriental Power, the permanence of Ottoman rule is something altogether unparalleled. A century or two at the outside ordinarily measures the duration of an Eastern State. David, Solomon, and Rehoboam, are typical characters. One or two conquerors to build up, one or two more peaceful sovereigns to enjoy, one or two *faineants* to lose—such is the common run of an Oriental dynasty. The Indian Moguls lasted at the outside three centuries, the Sassanids in Persia number four, the Abbasside Caliphate five. But the Sassanids were, above all other Eastern rulers, the chosen leaders of a people—the embodiment of a national being. The Caliphs again were defended by their spiritual power, and during a long period of their existence, exercised a spiritual authority only. But the Ottomans have preserved imperial power in the same race and in the same family for six hundred years, and at least half of that time was a period of unceasing progress and victory. Add to this that, with the single exception of Italy, all the fairest and most historic regions of the world have formed portions of their empire. The spots identified with the highest associations, both sacred and profane, are all, save old Rome, to be sought within its present or recent borders. Jerusalem, Thebes, Alexandria, Antioch, Bagdad, Tarsus, Nicæa, Byzantium—Macedonia, too, and Greece, where every spot is a place of pilgrimage—have all been overshadowed by the same Power. The Nile, the Danube, and the Euphrates still flow within the same empire—an empire still extending into all the three divisions of the ancient world. It is not merely on the score of recent political and military events that such a history as this has claims upon the attention of intelligent men.

The great phenomenon of the Ottoman Empire is clearly its extraordinary permanence. Several causes have contributed to this. First and foremost we may place the extraordinary personal greatness of the ruling family. For more than three centuries, every Ottoman Sultan, in unbroken succession from father to son, was, with a single exception, a statesman and a warrior of a high order. Several among them might claim a place in the highest order. This is a phenomenon which seems absolutely unparalleled either in Eastern or Western history. Then, as a natural result of this cause, follows the admirable military discipline and general legislation which these great men were enabled to establish. They instituted the first standing army since the decay of the Byzantine empire—they were all able administrators, and, compared with all other Oriental rulers, they may fairly claim the honour of legislators. Again, the first enthusiasm of a horde is apt to decay and die out. The great Sultans provided against this danger by not trusting solely to the original Ottoman tribe, but by providing a constant infusion of new blood. The institution of the Janissaries drew the choicest youth of the subject nations into the imperial service, and surrounded the throne with an army without country or kindred, but depending solely and absolutely upon Allah and the Sultan. A power thus admirably provided for conquest fell also upon the days best suited for con-

quest. When the Ottomans arose, Western Asia and Eastern Europe were in a state of utter disorganization. The old Caliphate, the old Byzantine empire, might probably have withstood them with success; but the petty and decaying states which had arisen out of their ruins could offer no effectual resistance. Mahometan sultans and emirs, Christian emperors, kings, and dukes, were swallowed up piecemeal. When the Ottomans landed in Europe, they found the Empire of Constantinople and the Empire of Servia. Servia, with Constantinople for its head, might possibly have withstood the torrent; but Servia without a head, and Constantinople without a body, were necessarily swept away.

The strength of the Ottoman institutions was best shown by the capacity of the empire for re-union after it had been utterly broken in pieces by the defeat of Bajazet at Ancyra. That an Oriental State should not only not fall to pieces of itself in a few generations, but should be able to reconstruct itself after a blow which might have crushed any empire, is something as unparalleled as even the succession of the great sultans. All that the Ottoman power eventually suffered from its overthrow by Timour was a few years of civil war, and a consequent temporary cessation of external conquest. And this, be it remembered, was before the empire had acquired the centre of unity and stability which it afterwards attained by the conquest of Constantinople. To have passed safely through such an ordeal as this, speaks far more for the vigour of the early Ottoman power than even its wonderful series of territorial conquests.

By the close of the sixteenth century the scene begins to change. The series of the great sultans had closed. Some of the later sultans were men of vigour and good intentions; but the greater proportion were brutal and indolent tyrants and voluptuaries. Even the best of them were immeasurably inferior to their illustrious predecessors, and were utterly incapable of contending with the vices of their times. The enthusiasm and the vigour of the Ottoman people were dying out. And in the seventeenth century the supply of new blood was stopped. The Janissaries became an hereditary caste—the tribute of children was no longer levied on the Rayahs. But meanwhile, as the imperial power declined, and that of local governors increased, the rayahs became subjected—except under the administration of one or two enlightened and tolerant grand viziers—to a far greater amount of daily local oppression than they had endured under the first conquerors. Thus the subject nations at once received greater exasperation, and their most vigorous spirits were no longer pressed into the service of the Sublime Porte, but remained to become its enemies. Meanwhile, the Ottomans were rapidly losing their military superiority over the Christian nations. The one side was advancing, the other retrograding. Still more completely were they losing the political skill and forethought which had distinguished them in early times. Why, then, did not the empire fall? With weak sovereigns, a corrupt Court, insubordinate local governors—with the ruling race rapidly losing its energy, the subject nations rapidly advancing both in strength and in discontent, and powerful foes pressing it from without—how did the Ottoman power contrive to weather the storm?

We do not here speak of the last fifty years, during which the nations of Western Europe have found it convenient to support the Ottoman Empire for their own advantage. The question is, how did the Turkish power contrive to live through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The latter half of the seventeenth century revealed its decline to all Europe. During the eighteenth, its old foes, Austria and Venice, were reinforced by the growing and more formidable power of Russia. With a few alternations, like the recovery of Peloponnesus and the treaty of the Pruth, the whole century and half was one long series of Ottoman discomfitures. But several causes still combined to ensure vitality to the threatened empire. Its great sultans were gone, and their institutions were nearly gone after them; but they had securely planted it on European ground, and thus given it something of the permanence of a European State. Above all, they had fixed their throne in that city which alone can form an empire, and with the possession of Byzantium they had acquired the special inheritance of Byzantine immortality. The possession of Constantinople preserved the house of Palæologus for two centuries, in spite of military weakness and domestic corruption. The possession of the same city has done nearly the same for the house of Othman. Again, the power of the Ottoman sultans rested on a basis which had not been possessed by any of the earlier Turkish dynasties. From the reign of Selim the Inflexible they had been recognised as inheriting the rights of the Abbasside caliphs. The sultan was not merely the Padishah of the Ottomans, but the Commander of the Faithful—he was not merely the temporal lord of a single nation, but the spiritual chief of all orthodox Mussulmans. Rebellious governors might limit his power as much as they did that of the old caliphs, but, unless they utterly cast off their faith, they could never repudiate him altogether, far less betray him into the hands of the Giaour. Again, the warfare to which the empire was exposed from the neighbouring Christian States was of a character to undermine rather than suddenly to overthrow it. The wars of Venice and Poland were chiefly defensive—Morosini's conquest of Peloponnesus being but a brilliant temporary exception. Those of Austria were waged chiefly to recover her own dismembered provinces; and the advance of Russia was,

* *History of the Ottoman Turks, from the Beginning of their Empire to the Present Time.* Chiefly founded on Von Hammer. By E. S. Creasy, M.A. 2 volumes. London: Bentley.

in accordance with her whole policy, gradual and stealthy. The sick man, without Western help, could not have survived for ever; but he might have proved as vivacious as other States equally doomed. He had at least as fair a chance as the revived Byzantine empire of the Paleologi, or as the last Moorish kingdom of Granada.

Such a history as this, quite apart from its immediate interest, deserved a treatment of the highest order. None is fuller at once of political philosophy and of romantic incident—none affords more scope either to the profound thinker or to the vivid narrator. Thoroughly to do justice to the theme would require a union of Eastern and Western scholarship which is not often to be found in the same individual. And the clearer the historian keeps himself from immediate politics, the better. He should not allow recent events to colour his estimate of events long past; nor should he undertake to write the history of events which are still happening. We should be rejoiced to hear that some Thucydides or Guicciardini has been collecting materials for an impartial and permanent history of the late wars and negotiations; but he had better postpone its publication, if not its composition, for some years to come.

How far, then, does Professor Creasy meet this somewhat lofty ideal? Only very imperfectly. His history is probably the best extant English history of the Ottomans on a moderate scale; but it might easily have been much better, and Professor Creasy might easily have made it much better. One qualification for the task he possesses in a high degree. Whenever he is thoroughly master of his subject, and throws himself thoroughly into it, few can tell a story better. And when he takes pains, he can do justice to his subject in other respects. His research is not very extensive, nor his philosophy very profound; but whenever he is not seduced by carelessness or party spirit, he can give both vigorous description and sensible comment. An Oriental scholar he does not profess to be. Von Hammer, therefore, is naturally his tower of strength; but he writes too wholly from the Ottoman side. His hurry or his zeal does not allow him to stop and consult writers on the other side—Byzantine, Venetian, and Persian. The result is a general feebleness in grasping the state of things among the nations with which the Ottomans came in contact, and a very considerable array of particular blunders. The reader of Mr. Finlay will learn a great deal about the condition of the Ottomans, but the reader of Professor Creasy will learn very little as to the condition of the Byzantines. [And besides all this, the book is clearly written for an ephemeral purpose, to meet the cry of the day. A sensible historian of the Ottomans would certainly not carry his narrative beyond the reign of the late Sultan Mahmoud, perhaps not even to the conclusion of his reign. He would not undertake to narrate changes which are as yet matters more of prophecy than of history. But Professor Creasy goes on to the last telegraphic despatch which could come in while he was correcting the last revise. He records the Peace of Paris in 1856, but unfortunately he could only record its signature, not its contents. The book is published between the signature and the publication, so that he promises to publish the text of the treaty as a supplement.]

Now surely this is merely trifling with history. Let a man write history to such a point as enables him to write with competent knowledge of the subject and with momentary passions somewhat cooled down. Let him, if he will, write pamphlets or articles on matters of immediate pressure. But let him not attempt to write the history of matters which are still food for "Our Own Correspondent." The greater part of Professor Creasy's second volume is, in fact, a pamphlet or article on the Turkish side of the question—a clever and well-written pamphlet certainly, but still a pamphlet, and not a history. The same tendency appears even in the earlier portions of the work, in many undignified and irrelevant allusions to recent affairs. Of course it increases as the work goes on, and attains its climax in the reigns of Mahmoud and Abdul-Medjid.

The haste and carelessness with which the book has been produced extends to the printer and publisher. Like all Mr. Bentley's publications, it is got up in a handsome but not a scholar-like form—one adapted for the drawing-room table rather than for the library. We miss the marginal dates and marginal analysis which should be found in every history intended for real study. The misprints, too, are numerous, and some of them of a class which one doubts whether to refer to the printer or to the author. Thus, in the errata of the second volume, we find corrected an expression in p. 335 of the first, which implies that Justinian preceded Solymán the Magnificent by only three centuries. In short, a work which ought to have been, and which proper care might have made, a permanent authority, has been as far as possible degraded to meet an ephemeral cry. Even the author's power of graphic writing is perverted to purposes of mere clap-trap. Take, for instance, the very first paragraph of the book, which is surely suited rather for the opening of a romance than for what should have been a sterling history:—

About six centuries ago, a pastoral band of a few hundred Turkish families was journeying westward from the upper streams of the river Euphrates. Their armed force consisted of four hundred and forty-four horsemen, and their leader's name was Ertoghruh, which means "the Right-hearted Man." As they travelled through Asia Minor, they came in sight of a field of battle, on which two armies of unequal numbers were striving for mastery. Without knowing who the combatants were, the Right-hearted Man took instantly the chivalrous resolution to aid the weaker party; and charging desperately and victoriously with his warriors upon the larger host, he decided the fortune of

the day. Such, according to the Oriental historian Neschri, is the first recorded exploit of that branch of the Turkish race which, from Ertoghruh's son, Othman, has been called the nation of the Ottoman Turks. And in this, their earliest feat of arms, which led to the foundation of their empire, we may trace the same spirit of haughty generosity that has been their characteristic down to our own times. Vol. i. p. 1—2.

In a second notice, we hope to exhibit some of Professor Creasy's merits and defects more in detail.

BOOKS OF SPORTS.*

GOOD books of amusement are not common. Most novels are bad, and there are often considerable drawbacks on the merit of the very best. Voyages and travels are either amongst the most utterly trashy, or the most valuable kinds of literature. If they belong to the first class, they are simple nuisances—if to the second, they are by no means very light reading. For perfectly healthy and easy amusement, we know nothing to compare to a story of personal adventures worth telling and simply told. The two last qualifications would strike out of the list a great proportion of the books which claim to belong to it, but we do not think that either of them affects the merits of the two volumes now before us. Mr. Gordon Cumming, with all his defects, which are by no means inconsiderable, has certainly gone through a wonderful set of experiences with all the beasts of the field and birds of the air—from the quails which he used to go out and shoot of an evening when he "felt melancholy," up to the black rhinoceroses and patriarchal elephants which he "bagged" when in high spirits, and the big snake which he pulled out by the tail from his hole in the rocks. He and his adventures are so well known to the public, that we will only express our gratification at seeing him make his appearance in a cheap and in a considerably compressed form. The present edition is disembarassed of the deaths of a great many hartebeests, wildebeests, and "boks" and "beests" of many other kinds, and has been greatly improved by the suppression of some of the sanguinary passages which were the greatest defects of the original work.

Mr. Palliser's book, appropriately ornamented by a bison-hunt gorgeously delineated on the cover, is a thoroughly pleasant, simple-hearted account of a journey quite worth describing. Except a few pages at the beginning, which contain some rather forced liveliness about a passage across the Atlantic, there is no bookmaking in it. It relates, very simply and very humanely, the principal occurrences of about a year spent in shooting all sorts of game, from wild ducks to grisly bears, on the prairies of the Upper Missouri and Yellow Stone. The author has nothing very new or very striking to tell; but in days when Salisbury Plain is melting away into ploughed fields, when the West Riding moors are intersected with impassable stone walls, and even Wimbledon Common and Hampstead Heath are threatened with an eruption of villas, it is pleasant to read of monstrous wastes where the range is so vast and so uniform that you lose all measure of distance, and "constantly mistake a crow for a buffalo, and, still more frequently, a buffalo for a crow." It interests a Londoner to be made to feel that the hubbub which is caused by the daily requirements in eating, drinking, and amusement, of his own immense bee-hive, and of hundreds of other bee-hives only less enormous than his own, fills, after all, but a small part of the world; and that a few weeks' journey would bring him to solitudes as huge as those which once appalled the legions stationed to guard the frontiers of civilization on the Danube and the Rhine.

Mr. Palliser's chief claim to notice is that he brings this impression before us with a very considerable degree of freshness and spirit. Starting from Independence, on the Missouri, he undertook a ride of some 1500 miles across the prairie, in company with a hardy old gentleman of the name of Kipp, who, though upwards of sixty years old, had made the same tour annually for upwards of twenty years. They were in the saddle from daybreak till eleven, and from one till dark, and were dependent for their food upon the produce of their guns and upon a provision of dry beans and coffee-berries, which, as "Our Own Correspondents" will doubtless deeply regret to hear, had been brought out raw, and had to be first roasted, and then pounded in a bit of deerskin, with the end of a hatchet, on the stump of a tree, before they could be made available. As there was nothing to shoot except wild ducks, and as *voyageurs* cannot shoot flying, the boiled beans were the principal *pièce de résistance*, except when Mr. Palliser contrived to bring to the camp something more substantial. Their appetite, however, as well as their health, held out in a remarkable manner. Indeed Mr. Palliser, like Mr. Ruxton, states that the air of the prairie has wonderful bracing properties, and has been of the greatest service in many cases of consumption. He even goes so far as to say that coughs and colds are unknown in these regions, though he mentions several cases of rheumatism. After about two months, the party reached Fort Union—the end of their journey, and Mr. Palliser was able to indulge his taste for buffalo-hunting. By his account of the matter, it must combine the excitements of fox-hunting and duelling. With a bullet in his mouth, and a quan-

* *The Solitary Hunter; or, Sporting Adventures in the Prairies.* By John Palliser, Esq. London: Routledge. 1856.
Lion Hunting in Southern Africa. By R. Gordon Cumming. London: Murray. 1856.

tity of powder loose in his skirt pocket, Mr. Palliser used to load his self-priming flint gun at full gallop, by the simple process of shovelling the powder with his hand from the pocket into the gun barrel, dropping the bullet upon it, and shaking it down—much as soldiers, before the introduction of the minié rifle, are said to have loaded the old-fashioned musket in action by putting the cartridge in the muzzle and thumping the ground with the stock. The gun is never brought to the shoulder, but is fired across the pommel of the saddle, the sportsman steadying himself for the moment by rising in the stirrups. A miss or an ineffectual hit is not uncommonly retaliated by a charge which may or may not terminate in a collision, which the enormous weight and strength of the game would make very dangerous. The appearance of the bison is well known, but in different parts of his book Mr. Palliser mentions some circumstances about his habits which are new, at any rate to us. Unlike the *aurochs* of Lithuania, which much resemble them, they will fraternize with domestic cattle, and the calves belonging to Fort Union preferred the society of bisons to that of their own species. One morning, Mr. Palliser found three of them in company with two bison bulls, who were shovelling away the snow with their noses, which are curiously adapted for that purpose. Getting close to one of them, he saw the animal's "little companions, unable to remove it for themselves, thankfully and fearlessly feeding in his wake; the little heads of two of them visible every now and then, contested an exposed morsel under his very beard." Much to his credit, Mr. Palliser did not interrupt their occupation. It is curious that the bison should remove the snow with his nose, but not with his hoofs. When shot, their noses are frequently found sore with shovelling. By far the most curious story which this book contains about bisons, is to the effect that, on one occasion, Mr. Palliser, in company with certain *voyageurs*, fell in with a herd of cows, one of which, with hardly any apparent effort, gave birth to a calf. Refusing to act upon the suggestion of one of his companions to shoot the mother, Mr. Palliser gave chase to the calf, which "stretched away right out along the prairie for five or six miles." The mother at last got away, but the calf's strength failed. One of the *voyageurs* thereupon began to grunt like a buffalo cow, on hearing which—for the first time in its life it would seem—the "little beast turned about, cocked up his tail, and came galloping back to us. We then turned about, and to our great delight it frisked round us all the way into camp." The bison is at certain times liable to fits of great ferocity. The following story, too good to be shortened, is a curious instance of this—

About three months previous to my arrival at Fort Union, and in the height of the buffalo breeding season, when their bulls are sometimes very fierce, Joe was taking the Fort Union bull, with a cart, into a point on the river above the fort, in order to draw home a load of wood, which had been previously cut and piled ready for transportation the day before, when a very large old bison bull stood right in the cart-track, pawing up the earth, and roaring, ready to dispute the passage with him. On a nearer approach, instead of flying at the sight of the man that accompanied the cart, the bison made a headlong charge. Joe had barely time to remove his bull's head-stall and escape up a tree, being utterly unable to assist his four-footed friend, whom he left to his own resources. Bison and bull, now in mortal combat, met midway with a shock that made the earth tremble. Our previously docile, gentle animal suddenly became transformed into a furious beast, springing from side to side, whirling round as the buffalo attempted to take him in flank, alternately unsettling and righting the cart again, which he banged from side to side, and whirled about as if it had been a band-box. Joe, safe out of harm's way, looked down from the tree at his "champion's" proceedings, at first deploring the apparent disadvantage he laboured under from being harnessed to a cart; but when the fight had lasted long and furious, and it was evident that both combatants had determined that one or other of them must fall, his eyes were opened to the value of the protection afforded by the harness, and especially by the thick strong shafts of the cart against the short horns of the bison, who, although he bore him, over and over again, down on his haunches, could not wound him severely. On the other hand, the long sharp horns of the brave Fort Union bull began to tell on the furrowed sides of his antagonist, until the final charge brought the bison, with a furious bound, dead under our hero's feet, whose long fine-drawn horn was deep driven into his adversary's heart.

The bull stood over his fallen antagonist a long time, evidently expecting him to get up again, and it was some time before he gave way to his driver's persuasions to go home, though they were couched in such endearing terms as "Him dear good bull—him go home now, and do no more work to-day;" which seemed to the driver the highest of earthly blessings.

During the winter and spring, Mr. Palliser made frequent expeditions from Fort Union—sometimes alone, sometimes in company with various Indians or trappers. Some of these men were curious companions. One of them—Williams by name—reappeared after a long interval, in which it was supposed that he had been killed. He said that he had been asleep with several others round a fire, when, on a sudden, "God Almighty appeared to me in flames and sparkling flashes of fire, and said, 'Williams, you have been a very wicked man: I have saved your life very often, but I will save you once more.'" At that moment, an Indian war-party fired into the camp, and killed most of his companions; but Williams rushed through the midst of them, and escaped. Being asked whether he had profited by the warning, he answered, "Well, I don't know. I've worked very hard at my traps, and paid all my debts; I've given up swearing, and that sort of thing; and if I knew anything else, I'd do it."

Mr. Palliser's principal dumb companion was a curious beast, half dog, half wolf, called Ishmah, which was once his only auxiliary in a journey of several hundred miles through the snow to a place called Fort Mackenzie. This animal had a way of running away to play with wolves, leaving his master on one

occasion, for some time, 100 miles from any habitation, and 150 miles from his destination, with no provisions or ammunition of any kind except a little powder and two bullets. All the rest of his worldly goods were in a sledge, which Ishmah carried off in his romp with his playfellows. The wolves from whom Ishmah was descended on the father's side are remarkable animals. Mr. Palliser differs from most naturalists in supposing that there are as many as three species of them. They are somewhat cowardly, and are great cannibals, always greedily devouring each other's dead bodies when they can get them.

The grizzly bears are the most formidable game that Mr. Palliser encountered. They are enormously powerful and desperately ferocious animals, though they generally run away from a man, unless they are wounded. One of them which Mr. Palliser killed was 7 feet 6 inches long, and had claws of the length of 4½ inches.

After spending eleven months very pleasantly to himself and profitably for his readers, in the pursuit of these and various other quarries, and in the journeys which were necessary for that purpose, Mr. Palliser returned to England, bringing with him two bison cows and one calf, one black bear, one Virginian deer, an antelope, and Ishmah. They formed a tender friendship for each other on the road, which was proved by the bear's doing gallant battle in the streets of New Orleans with a mastiff which had attacked the antelope. We rejoice to learn that Beauty was rescued by the Beast. In due course of time, the menagerie arrived safely in Ireland, whither their master himself returned soon after. His book is not very remarkable in a literary point of view; but it is singularly manly, and is written throughout in a thoroughly humane spirit. The author seems never to have inflicted pain wantonly, and to have taken quite as much pleasure in watching the habits of his game as in the indispensable business of killing and eating them. We must say, however, that he has a taste for fighting with grizzly bears and other ferocious animals, which appears to us extremely laudable, and highly characteristic of his Irish blood.

CUBA.*

THIS volume comes to us from the other side of the Atlantic. Mr. Thrasher, its editor, after a residence of many years in Cuba, came to the conclusion that the best work upon that island was one by Baron Humboldt, which was not generally accessible to the American public. He has accordingly translated into English a Spanish version of the great traveller's book, and added to it notes of his own; and a preliminary essay of some size and pretensions is also contributed by him.

After a brief general view of Cuba, Baron Humboldt proceeds to treat at considerable length of its physical aspect. Among the great islands of the world, Java most resembles it. The mountains in the south-east corner of the island are of very considerable height—some of them, perhaps, higher than the Blue Mountains of Jamaica; but the greater part of the country consists of low land, from three to four hundred feet above the level of the sea, covered with secondary and tertiary formations, and is not un-English in its character, if allowance be made for the differences of vegetation. The geology of Cuba was very imperfectly known when Baron Humboldt wrote, and not much has been done to elucidate it during the last thirty years. The gold-washings now yield scarcely anything. The copper spoken of by the *conquistadores* of the sixteenth century appears to be still very plentiful, though but little worked at present. Coal has not been found. Marble abounds, and iron is not wanting. Mineral springs exist in many parts of the island. Whole districts are covered with serpentine of the finest quality, ready to adorn the palaces of the future; and chalcedony and amethyst have been observed. Cuba is not rich in rivers. Haiti, Jamaica, and several of the smaller Antilles, are much more favoured in this respect. Five species of palms, together with wild limes and oranges, are so common, that the island must have at one time appeared a continuous forest of these trees. The true Cuban orange is, it may be observed, different from the fruit with which we are familiar in Europe. Coffee, tobacco, and sugar are the most important cultivated plants.

Cuba lies at the extreme limit of the tropics, and its climate partakes of that inequality which is characteristic of the temperate zones. The uniform appearance of the vegetation, between the equator and 23° tends sadly to confuse our meteorological notions; but we must always bear in mind, that the region of the banana and the palm extends through widely-differing climates. The coldest months at Havana are December and January—the warmest are July and August. The mean temperature of the first two is 69° 8' F.—of the second two, about 84° F. The climate is therefore warmer than that of Rio Janeiro or Macao. Fifteen years sometimes pass without a fall of hail, and snow is quite unknown. Fires are never needed. Violent north winds often prevail, but true hurricanes are far less common than in Haiti or Jamaica. Earthquakes, also, are not of frequent occurrence. All through the year, the fields and forests of this beautiful land preserve their verdure, "but it is principally at the beginning of summer, during the rainy season, that all nature seems to be transformed into flowers."

* *The Island of Cuba.* By A. Von Humboldt. Translated from the Spanish, with Notes and a Preliminary Essay. By J. S. Thrasher. London: Sampson Lowe & Co.

The geography of Cuba is made needlessly puzzling by divisions and cross-divisions. For judicial purposes, there is one arrangement—for military objects, another. The bishoprics are not co-extensive with the financial districts, and even the marine department has a territorial distribution of its own. The division of the island, however, which is most common and popular with the people of Havana, is into the Vuelta de Arriba and the Vuelta de Abajo, lying respectively east and west of the meridian of that city. The population of Cuba in the year 1846 was, according to the official returns, 898,752. There appears, however, to be some very grave error in these figures, for the number of inhabitants, as given by the census of 1841, was 1,007,624, and there seems to have been no cause for any retrogression. The editor of this volume calculates the population, at the end of 1855, to amount to 1,446,462.

Baron Humboldt's slight account of slavery in Cuba inclines us to believe that it assumes there one of its least repulsive aspects; but Mr. Thrasher speaks, we fear, as a partisan, when he says—"If it be true that population can increase only under a condition of physical well-being, and that a decrease denotes a condition of physical suffering, the situation of the negro in Cuba must be vastly superior to that of his own race in the free islands. That his moral condition exhibits the same result, we believe will be admitted by every impartial traveller in the two countries." The population of Cuba, whether slave or free, is very unequally distributed. Five-sixths of the island may be considered as uninhabited. Intellectual cultivation is limited, of course, to the white race. The Habaneros are well educated, and take an interest in the politics of Europe—not so the dwellers in the remoter parts of the country. But here, as elsewhere, the railway is gradually extending civilization. The details of sugar culture, and the statistics of commerce and revenue, fill a large part of Baron Humboldt's essay. These, however, are of little interest to the general reader, although, to Mr. Thrasher and some of his countrymen, their perusal must give the same sort of pleasure which a crew of buccaneers may have derived from an enumeration of the contents of a richly-laden galleon.

It is not difficult to enter into the feelings of a lax-principled American on the subject of Cuba. It would indeed be a most convenient possession. Not only is it the most important of the Antilles, half as large again as Haiti, and nearly equal in extent to England without the principality of Wales—not only are its havens commodious, its soil fertile, and its population free from some of the worst faults of the inhabitants of Old Spain—but all these great advantages are thrown into the shade by its unrivalled position. Havana is, in some sort, at once the Cadiz, the Corinth, and the Constantinople of the West. A fleet issuing from its harbour, "built, in part, of the cedar and mahogany of Cuba," may close the double straits of the Mexican Gulf, both where the great Oceanic current rushes in between Cape San Antonio and Yucatan, and where it sweeps forth as the Gulf Stream, leaving Bahia Honda on the one side, and the reefs of Florida on the other. Just so, in the palmy days of the Spanish monarchy, did the armadas which sailed from Cadiz "hold the dominion of the Ocean near the Columns of Hercules." When we compare the great American isthmus with that so trifling in size, but once so famous, which joins the Peloponnesus to Northern Greece, the eye falls upon many places which we could believe destined to become, to the two great oceans, what Corinth was to the eastern and middle basins of the Mediterranean. When, however, we remember that Central America is traversed through its whole extent by mighty mountain chains, we can readily understand that long lines of internal communication, which might concentrate on one emporium the many streams of trade, would be most costly and difficult undertakings; while roads, comparatively short and inexpensive, might lead to various seaports which should all pour their tribute into the well-defended and accessible Havana. If Constantinople has justly seemed to the Czars the key of their house, not less reasonably may Havana appear an indispensable adjunct to the dwellers in the valley of the Mississippi. A European power more strong than Spain would be able at any moment, if in possession of Cuba, to interrupt the vast commerce which finds its outlet at New Orleans, and to stop the already great and increasing traffic which passes over the several lines of isthmus transit between the Atlantic States and California. In a strategical point of view, also, the Havana is of great importance. The British fleet, after the battle of New Orleans, retired thither with the army on board. Had Cuba been one of the States of the Union, this would have been of course impossible, and the expedition would have found no rallying place nearer than Jamaica. It is well known that the desire for war with England is much stronger in the Western than in the Eastern States, and the inhabitants of those regions are quite aware that neither directly nor indirectly can our fleets do them much harm, as long as they confine themselves to operations on the Atlantic seaboard. The tug of war would only begin for them when we could command the entrances of the Mexican Gulf. Hence they are haunted by the fear that, in one way or another, we may become the lords of Havana.

When a patriotic American has once grasped the great idea of his country's destiny, it is easy for him to go one step further, and to persuade himself that justice, as well as expediency, recommends that reading of the eighth Commandment which makes it run—"Thou shalt steal." There are no bounds to

the contempt with which Mr. Thrasher regards "European philanthropy" and "Liberalism after the European manner." They are as little to be taken into consideration as the first principles of the law of nations and the ordinary rules of honest dealing among men. As for England, her pretended goodwill towards the United States is a flimsy veil which ill conceals her enduring and ever active hatred:—

England (he says) has never yet taken the stand of true friendship to this country. When impelled by interest—for a feeling of popular sympathy has never impelled her to it—her aristocratic classes have acquiesced in a present seeming friendship. But the retention of the frontier forts after the revolution; the intrigues in Europe against our early commercial treaties; the orders in Council; the war of 1812; the treaty of Ghent, and the fishery question at that time; the north-eastern boundary; the Oregon question; the efforts against our acquisition of Texas; the intrigues in the war and treaty with Mexico; the South Carolina correspondence; the intrigues in Nicaragua and Dominica against us; the questions of Free Trade with Canada and of the rights of our fishermen, afford demonstrations as clear as any in Euclid, of the animus that moves them.

If we ask what possible interest England can have in injuring and thwarting the United States, Mr. Thrasher has a ready reply. The Governments of Europe fear above all things the extension of the political theories of America. Our statesmen know, it seems, as well as those of the United States, that "the race for life is now being run by the broad, genial republican theories of America, and that limited and partial simulacra of freedom—European constitutional monarchy: one or the other of these systems must perish. If republicanism triumphs, England must concede the five points to her people, and seek her defence against the autocratic theories of Europe in a sincere friendship with America."

When we reflect on the terrible calamities which a war between this country and the United States would inflict, upon both nations, we cannot but be disgusted by such perilous nonsense as this. Mr. Thrasher coolly contemplates the time when, "in the natural course of events, Cuba may become the Crimea, Havana the Sebastopol, of the New World." There are, however, other contingencies. May not "a war of extermination against the Negro race in the Antilles" take an uncomfortable turn? Are the Southern States of the Union so very secure? If those who undertake to enlighten the popular mind in America continue much longer to misrepresent to their countrymen the wishes and the designs of the English people, a war may too possibly be forced on. It is easy to vapour about Lexington and Bunker's Hill; but such a struggle as these blind leaders are invoking would be of a very different kind from either the revolutionary war or the comparatively trifling one which followed it. Is it wise to bring about a contest which would become all the more terrible if success at first attended the American arms? Are these declaimers prepared to oblige us, in self defence, to carry the torch into their own homes?

HOURS WITH THE MYSTICS.*

THERE are some books in which, says Mr. Carlyle, "the hardly intelligible constantly merges in the wholly unreadable." Some passages of Mr. Vaughan's book will, we fear, recal this remark to idle readers; but as it is not to idle readers that Mr. Vaughan addresses himself, he will probably be but little affected by any such criticism. The two volumes before us contain a great many things which to our minds convey scarcely any meaning at all; but the obscurity is owing, as far as we can judge, entirely to the subject, and in no respect to the author, who has executed a most difficult undertaking with very great skill—to all appearance with great learning—and with a vigorous good sense, and an occasional touch of humour, which contribute very efficiently to excite and sustain our interest in a not very attractive subject. Mr. Vaughan's researches bear upon a subject of so obscure a character that it would be mere affectation to attempt to criticize them in the proper sense of the word. In order, however, to give our readers some notion of the contents of a very curious book, and of the bearings of a very curious inquiry, we will state a few of the results which the work seems to suggest.

Most men have pretty much the same tastes and objects, though in very different degrees. They act upon certain broad views for the purpose of attaining more or less definite ends; and though it would not be easy to draw up a description of such ends to which all men would subscribe, it is nevertheless true, as a general rule, that one man's tastes have a sufficient resemblance to another's to enable them to understand each other. Health, prosperity, a good reputation, success in our several undertakings, are objects which we all wish, though we differ very considerably in our opinions as to what constitutes them; but beyond and above these immediate aims, there are others which are less universally sought after. These are the hopes which refer to another state of existence, or to the Divine approval of our conduct in this. With the great mass of mankind, the theory of God's relation with men is broad and distinct. The notion of a connexion between certain kinds of conduct and His approval or disapproval, testified in a variety of ways here and hereafter, is the great feature common to all forms

* *Hours with the Mystics: A Contribution to the History of Religious Opinion.* By Robert Alfred Vaughan, B.A. 2 vols. London: J. W. Parker and Son. 1856.

of belief. What these courses of conduct are—how they are to be followed—how, why, and at what stage they involve the Divine anger or complacency—what assistance, visible or invisible, has been afforded for discriminating between them—are questions upon which various opinions always have been, and probably always will be, entertained by the worshippers of different deities, by the members of different churches, and by different parties in the same church.

Most of the vast variety of opinions to which these questions have given birth are intelligible. We can understand the process by which men came to worship animals, to worship demons, to worship the powers of nature. The Christian can understand the Mahometan, the Protestant can understand the Roman Catholic, the Churchman can understand the Dissenter, the Ultramontanist can understand the Gallican. The reason of this is that all of them are using the same language, and are affected by the world around them in much the same manner. There has been, however, from very early times, a small minority, some of whom have formed part of every church and of every sect. To them the world does not present itself as it does to the mass of mankind. They are struck, not by the coincidences, but by the varieties of the objects of human wishes—by the imperfections rather than by the resources of human language. They will not, or perhaps cannot, endure the customary limitations of human knowledge—they refuse to extend the customary indulgence to the shortcomings of language—they either do not feel, or will not acknowledge that they feel, that amount of sympathy with the common objects of life which supplies the rest of the world with a common ground from which their differences may diverge. Finding themselves in this position, they are unavoidably driven to look for something which may supply the place of what they have lost—something which may give their thoughts and actions that unity which the rest of mankind derive from the ordinary interests, hopes, and fears of humanity. This they devise for themselves, evolving from their own feelings the materials in which they frame the outer world—or, to change the metaphor, using their own thoughts as the camera obscura on which the common incidents of life are projected, and by the colour and shape of which they are tinted and moulded. These are the mystics. Their specific peculiarity is, that in their minds an arbitrary system of their own takes the place of the indefinite common understanding which gives unity to the sentiments of the mass of mankind. This habit is common to writers of all creeds and of all degrees of power and goodness, from the ascetic St. Theresa to the tender-hearted George Fox—from the all but angelic Madame Guyon, to the rather more than bestial Walt Whitman.

The strongest point in the case of the mystics is the circumstance that whoever talks of spiritual things is often obliged to talk inconsistently, because he is always obliged to talk in metaphors. The mystic takes advantage of this circumstance by refusing to recognise the metaphor. He insists upon treating it as the proper name of something which is capable of being distinctly and independently conceived. For example, there are various inconsistencies in the language in which we describe ordinary material things, which may be exposed by that kind of metaphysical cross-examination with which Plato's dialogues are filled. The mystic will not allow you to solve the difficulty by means of the incompleteness of human thought and its vehicle, language—but insists upon extracting from the words which you employ a reference to some mysterious essence of which the whole world of appearances is merely the envelope. By a singular alternate use and rejection of logic, he will gradually work himself round to the doctrine that this essence is indivisible and all-embracing; and at the same moment that he affirms that it is you, and that you are it, he will assert that no labour can be too great, no asceticism too severe, to enable you to realize this truth—to withdraw your soul from the world of phenomena in order to its absorption into the "all" or the "infinite"—where one would have supposed, upon this theory, it was already. This, or something like this, doctrine has been maintained by the most dissimilar persons for the most contradictory objects. It appears in the earliest times amongst the Indian Yogues. It forms one of the leading features of the Neoplatonist philosophy. It was the philosophical justification of the monastic mysticism of the Greek church. It is divided by a thin, though a real, barrier from the doctrine of St. Bernard upon the necessity of mortifying the flesh until the spirit passes into a state of ecstatic contemplation. It is closely connected with the teaching of those German precursors of the Reformation of whom Tauler and Eckart were the most conspicuous. It was the object which St. Theresa tried to realize by austerity, and Madame Guyon by self-denying charity; and it has in our own days been put forward, as it always seemed to us absurdly and profanely, by Mr. Emerson and his disciples.

This attempt to fathom the inscrutable, and to answer the unanswerable, has usually been the result of dissatisfaction with the general tone of the society by which the inquirer was surrounded. Sometimes it has been the solace of a barren vanity—sometimes an energetic protest against very real evils. These two divisions will coincide pretty nearly with another classification of mystics, into the Theosophists, who create a God out of their own abstractions—or, as they would call them, revelations—and the Theopaths, who believe themselves able to detect in the workings of their own minds the immediate influence of the

Deity. Theosophic mysticism has been generally developed in Pantheism by such of its advocates as looked upon their own speculations from a philosophical point of view; whilst, in the case of those who considered themselves the objects of a special revelation, it has produced some of the wildest and strangest speculations by which human beings have ever been bewildered. We cannot attempt to give any account of the vagaries which different minds have displayed under these influences. Mr. Vaughan has given some curious specimens of them, especially in a chapter on Jacob Böhme, and in one on Swedenborg, to which we refer our readers.

Theopathic mysticism has played a larger part in the history of the world, and its influence has been greatly magnified by the circumstance that it is closely allied to the doctrine which all Christians hold, of the direct personal influence which God exercises upon men. The theopathic mystic is distinguished from the ordinary Christian by his disinclination to "try the spirits," and by the belief that he is the subject, not only of a regular and orderly influence, prompting and enabling him to do right and to combat evil, but also of a set of special irregular revelations, sometimes consistent, sometimes inconsistent, with the ordinary rules of morality and the revealed will of God. Sometimes these supposed revelations have exclusive reference to the spiritual life of the individual himself—sometimes they exercise a powerful influence on his relations with his neighbours. In the first case, he—or more frequently she—will attempt to reach unattainable heights of perfection by the most frightful austerities and self-tortures. Occasionally, the effect will be quite of an opposite kind. Strangely as its development differed, it was one and the same line of thought, acting under most different influences, and on most dissimilar characters, which produced John of the Cross and George Fox. The same state of feeling sometimes takes a wider range, becoming, as Mr. Vaughan says, "transitive," that is, not only acting on the mystic's own mind, but making him a political or ecclesiastical reformer. The most curious, and to us the most novel and interesting part of Mr. Vaughan's book, relates to this part of his subject, and describes the state of feeling in the free towns of the Rhine during the preaching of Tauler and Eckart to the various more or less heretical sects which were, in the fourteenth century, included under the general title of "Friends of God." Eckart, we are informed, was a kind of fourteenth-century Hegel, who deduced from his theories the practical conclusion that the clergy of his day stood greatly in need of reform. Tauler is better known on account of the praises bestowed upon him by Luther. We do not precisely see the connexion between Eckart's theology and his politics. Here is a specimen of the former:—"There is something in the soul which is above the soul, divine, simple, an absolute Nothing, rather unnamed than named, unknown than known. So long as thou lookest on thyself as a something, so long thou knowest as little what this is as my mouth knows what colour is." After a good deal more glorification of the "absolute nothing," the preacher concludes:—"If any man hath understood this sermon it is well for him." We hope it may be; but to us, as to Mr. Vaughan, the admiration avowed by all mystics, from the Yogues downwards, for "Nothing," is a hard doctrine. A mystic of this class is occasionally a very dangerous man. The Anabaptists of Munster are the most notorious examples of this class, but they are far from being the only ones. When the persuasion that the common use of human language, and the common theories of human duty, are all out of joint, takes hold of a man, it may make him a reformer like Tauler—it may make him a frantic savage like John of Leyden—or it may simply degrade him into a hog, like Walt Whitman.

Such are a few outlines of the contents of this very remarkable book. Its defect seems to us to be a want of sympathy with the subject. Mr. Vaughan is a man of strong masculine common sense, and estimates mysticism by its fruits, and not by its pretensions. Certainly, we can take no objection to such a course; but a mystic would probably say that the case of himself and his brethren is that common sense is more or less a mistake, and that the world contains many problems which that faculty can only confuse.

Upon the literary merits of the book we have but to suggest that it would be a great improvement to suppress, in future editions, the dramatic machinery by which the different chapters are connected. The four gentlemen and two ladies of whose conversations it is composed, are mere aggregates of small capitals, and the conversational form sometimes makes it difficult to ascertain the precise point which Mr. Vaughan wishes to enforce. This, however, is a small blemish, and we cordially congratulate the Independent body on the possession of a minister who worthily sustains the reputation of a most learned and able father, and who has certainly placed himself on a level with Mr. Henry Rogers and Mr. Isaac Taylor.

THE LOVER'S SEAT.*

IT would be a great improvement on the present custom if the duty of giving a title to books were not permitted to devolve upon the authors themselves, but on a special court or jury appointed for the purpose. If this practice were adopted,

* *The Lover's Seat: Kathermina; or, Common Things in relation to Beauty, Virtue, and Truth.* By Kenelm Henry Digby. London: Longmans. 1856.

the public would no longer run the risk of buying works on the faith of the title giving some inkling of the contents, and then discover to their dismay that the name was a mere cheat to delude the unwary, by means of its euphony or singularity, into making a purchase they have afterwards to repent. If we had stood sponsors to Mr. Digby's book, and had been required to "name this child," we should certainly have fixed upon a very different title from the one he has chosen, though perhaps it would scarcely have answered the end which he had in view when he called it *The Lover's Seat*—namely, that of attracting purchasers. As for readers, we can scarcely flatter him with the hope that he will have many, unless they are priggish prosy people who, like himself, have nothing to do but to spend their days in a *far niente*, dozing and dreaming, and fancying that they are seeing great things through the misty clouds ascending from the pipe which we imagine Mr. Digby must be eternally smoking. When we glanced over the close small print of the two volumes, each of them containing between three and four hundred pages, with scarcely half an inch of margin, our wonder grew and grew as to what there was in "common things" requiring so much to be said about them, and where the readers would be found who could sit calmly and patiently for days to pore over Mr. Digby's disquisitions. As far as we are concerned, we confess that, setting out with the best intentions and kindest goodwill towards the author, we nevertheless found it utterly impossible to read through his work; and further, that on more than one occasion we committed the mortal sin of following the example of his hero and heroine, who are thus spoken of in the beginning of the second volume:—

We left our light couple of philosophers listening to what was advanced in favour of many common things in relation to virtue, until they both very unceremoniously dropped fast asleep—truly, as some one perhaps will maliciously say, a very natural conclusion to such a volume—but natural or not, so it was—and I could not help it.

We are glad for the author's sake that he has evidently some misgivings with respect to the fate of his book, since it will soften the disappointment which we fear is in store for him; for there is nothing in it—at least, in as much of it as we have read—which the world will not willingly let die. "How wilt thou be misconstrued!" exclaims the author, apostrophizing his book. "How thou hast been misconstrued!" he will certainly exclaim, if he deigns to read our critique. And yet he adds—"with justice, no doubt, also censured"—since, as he remarks, with affecting modesty,—

For man's best efforts taste of man, and show
The poor and troubled source from whence they flow.

And then he goes on to say, by way of apologizing to his book—not to the public—for giving it birth—

Well! I have sought to shelter thee; alack, I have even been guilty of inexactitudes, to use the gentle French expression for an ugly thing, by pretending to cite authors that were imaginary when I gave what was my own, and feared that thou mightest come in for a share of the blame which would be heaped on myself if it were thought that I had penned the innocent lies. But what was avowed may prove enough to secure thy condemnation. At least, with all thy talk about common things and common persons, there was danger in owning thee. To own thee was like owning in company a friend of humble life; to own thee was like performing some act of prodigious derogation; or, rather, it was significant of rallying round a standard which more than any other is regarded with aversion by those who have most power to injure in this world of ours. Therefore did the author choose to disclose his name, which, if he had been engaged in defending any other cause requiring less courage, might better have remained unknown. Well, with much fear I remember me of thee; as the poet says—

But there is consolation even for thee,
Fair hands will turn thee over, and bright eyes
Sprinkle their sparkles o'er thee with their prayers.

As Festus says to his Elissa, as far, at least, as these pages are concerned,

I ask no other title
Than friend of the lonely and generous.

After having laid such flattering unction to his soul, and indulged in such aspirations, we wonder where the author can find room, after all, for the fear of which he speaks. *Apropos* to the "inexactitudes," we presume that whenever Mr. Digby introduces a quotation—and his book is three parts made up of quotations—with the words, "as says a great author," we need be at no loss to understand to whom he refers; and if we had but read this concluding passage before commencing his volumes, we should not have had occasion to wonder at the great unknown author being so extra commonplace.

But it is time to say a few words on the plan of Mr. Digby's book. *The Lover's Seat* is the place where all the good things the author speaks out of his own mouth, or retails from other writers, are supposed to be uttered. The garden in which the seat is placed is described as well stocked with trees, that "rejoice the eye when the bright sun, with kindly distant beams, gilds ripened fruit. Passing through a little gate, you find the hill-side overgrown with wild furze, blackberry bushes, and broom; and then, at the end of a blind alley, that in gayest holiday time seems to feel not the footing of one passenger, you arrive at the bower, all but forgotten, as it seems at present,"—which bower is, to translate all this into common words, nothing but a seat in an orchard of an inn near Beulah Spa! Of course, Mr. Digby provided his romantic *Lover's Seat* with a pair of friends, as he styles them; but who they are, he declines to say, informing us that, while we ask the question, the "real is

already changed into the ideal," and that their only answer to our inquiry would be—

Supposing I were you,
Supposing you were me,
Supposing each were somebody else,
I wonder who we should be?

which certainly does not seem a very relevant reply. However, Mr. Digby condescends to our curiosity so far as to let us know that before they entered the mythical state, they were engaged in eating blackberries, and reading the *London Journal*. And from hints scattered here and there throughout the book, we further learn that one of the friends is a young lady of eighteen, who "sighs" and "smiles" and "sings," and is called "Pussy," and is "used up," just as if she were not "an ideal;" and that the other friend is Mr. Digby himself, who sometimes appears in the character of the young lady's "mate," by which title she generally addresses him, and sometimes in the character of a philosopher addressing the two ideals, who, as we said before, fall asleep while listening to him. The metamorphoses Mr. Digby is continually undergoing, and which keep us always wondering whether he is himself or somebody else, are among the most original features of the work, but we cannot flatter the author by saying that the result is satisfactory. Well, these "two friends," *alias* the maiden, and Mr. Digby in his dual capacity, form the party who discuss "common things" during the quiet hours of a September evening; and before night falls, they go, wonderful to say, all through the "whisperings in the bower" which are reported in these volumes. The chief object aimed at in their "whisperings" seems to be that everything that is beautiful, good, and true, is common—and that everything which is rare and extraordinary is not beautiful, good, or true; and, of course, as the speaker and listener are both of one way of thinking, they wind up by a triumphant Q. E. D., with which they think to silence all opposing opinions. The common things that form the author's subject are designedly treated by him in "a rambling, discursive, and, to say the truth, somewhat vagabond fashion;" and the plan he follows is to make his "parties" hear a few pages of extract read, then to think awhile, and then to indulge in a few ear-kissing arguments, with which we will not trouble our readers, as we suspect they have already had enough of Mr. Digby's and his book. In conclusion, the author says, "It is an old remark, that philosophers say many questionable, if not foolish, things;" and if the more foolish things they say, the greater philosophers they prove themselves, no one will dispute Mr. Digby's claims to be styled one of the greatest.

FARADAY.*

THE name of Faraday is familiar to all Europe as that of the greatest experimentalist of our day; and these three volumes of *Researches*—the last only just published—contain solid evidence of the marvellous success which has given him name such eminence. Our limits compel us to abstain from all attempt at reviewing these *Researches*, and having indicated the publication of the third volume, for the benefit of those readers who occupy themselves with electricity, we will, for an instant, consider Faraday in the light of a thinker. The third volume opens with the celebrated memoir on the *Magnetization of Light and the Illumination of Magnetic Lines of Force*, and the major part of the volume is devoted to magnetism and diamagnetism. But we pass over these to fix upon a little essay called *Thoughts on Ray-vibrations*, which is the natural issue of one in the second volume on *Electric Conduction and the Nature of Matter*.

It may appear strange to some persons that Faraday, the great experimentalist, the cautious follower of Baconian induction—who will never take one step in advance of the facts which he has, or thinks he has, to support him—who, when standing on *terra firma*, and seeing beyond it, yet resolutely refuses to step beyond it—should also be one of the boldest and most imaginative of speculative thinkers. This is a paradox to dull apprehensions. The speculative thinker is so often opposed to the slow and cautious experimentalist that the opposition has come to be regarded as in the nature of things. The dull, plodding matter-of-fact-men, who never pass beyond the circle of what they see—who learn what others have done, and repeat experiments which others have devised—men who call themselves "inductive philosophers" when in truth they are mere labourers, and sometimes only echoes—are pitiless in their scorn of the "rash speculations" and "imaginative vagaries" of real thinkers. The history of science tells a different story. Discoveries are only made by imaginative men. Nay, more, it is only by imaginative men that good experiments are made; and when we give Faraday the title of a great experimentalist, we should remember that we are in the same breath calling him a man of marvellous imaginative insight. It is certain that, while nothing is simpler than to repeat an experiment already devised, nothing is rarer than the faculty of devising good experiments. Out of the infinite variety of possible combinations to create that one which shall be a test—which shall eliminate from the problem all accidental conditions, and "cross-question" Nature, so that her replies must be direct and unambiguous—requires, first, a perfect mastery of the known laws and properties of matter, and secondly, a keen and wide-sweep-

* *Experimental Researches in Electricity*. By Michael Faraday. 3 vols. London: Richard and J. E. Taylor.

ing imagination. And experience shows the rarity of this faculty by the rarity of good experiments, in spite of the thousands of labourers all over Europe.

Faraday, then, is a man of ever active imagination. He is a great guesser. His thoughts incessantly run on before, anticipating the tardy conclusions of experience. But he knows what value to attach to these guesses. He knows when he is only imagining. "I cannot doubt," he well says, "that he who, as a wise philosopher, has most power of penetrating the secrets of nature, and guessing by hypothesis at her mode of working, will also be most careful, for his own safe progress and that of others, to distinguish that knowledge which consists of assumption, by which I mean theory and hypothesis, from that which is the knowledge of facts and laws—never raising the former to the dignity or authority of the latter, nor confusing the latter more than is inevitable with the former." We grant plenary indulgence to imagination on the express stipulation that imagination be always recognised as what it is. There is, however, less danger of our forgetting that guesses are not facts, than of forgetting how much of what we consider solid fact is airy speculation. The "nature of matter" furnishes an example, and we choose it because it leads us to the speculation which Faraday has thrown out on the subject of ray-vibrations.

When we speak of matter, and atoms of matter, what do we mean?

The view of the atomic constitution of matter which I think is most prevalent, is that which considers the atom as a something material having a certain volume, upon which those powers were impressed at the creation, which have given it, from that time to the present the capability of constituting, when many atoms are congregated together into groups, the different substances whose effects and properties we observe. These, though grouped and held together by their powers, do not touch each other, but have intervening space; otherwise pressure or cold could not make a body contract into a smaller bulk, nor heat or tension make it larger; in liquids these atoms or particles are free to move about one another, and in vapours or gases they are also present, but removed very much further apart, though still related to each other by their powers.

Every sentence is an hypothesis; and although the word "atom" is often intended only to express a simple fact, yet Faraday justly remarks that he never yet found a mind that did habitually separate the fact from the hypothesis. And there can be no doubt that the words "definite proportions," "equivalents," &c., which fully express all the facts of the atomic theory in chemistry, were dismissed because they were not expressive enough, and did not say all that was in the mind of him who used the word atom—did not express the hypothesis as well as the fact. Against the hypothesis, however, Faraday advances facts and considerations which seem to us fatal:—

If the view of the constitution of matter already referred to be assumed to be correct, and I may be allowed to speak of the particles of matter and of the space between them (in water, or in the vapour of water, for instance) as two different things, then space must be taken as the only continuous part, for the particles are considered as separated by space from each other. Space will permeate all masses of matter in every direction like a net, except that in place of meshes it will form cells, isolating each atom from its neighbours, and itself only being continuous.

Then take the case of a piece of shell-lac, a non-conductor, and it would appear at once from such a view of its atomic constitution that space is an insulator, for if it were a conductor the shell-lac could not insulate, whatever might be the relation as to conducting power of its material atoms; the space would be like a fine metallic web penetrating it in every direction, just as we may imagine of a heap of siliceous sand having all its pores filled with water; or as we may consider of a stick of black wax, which, though it contains an infinity of particles of conducting charcoal diffused through every part of it, cannot conduct, because a non-conducting body (a resin) intervenes and separates them one from another, like the supposed space in the lac.

Next take the case of a metal, platinum or potassium, constituted, according to the atomic theory, in the same manner. The metal is a conductor; but how can this be, except space be a conductor? for it is the only continuous part of the metal, and the atoms not only do not touch (by the theory), but as we shall see presently, must be assumed to be a considerable way apart. Space therefore must be a conductor, or else the metals could not conduct, but would be in the situation of the black sealing-wax referred to a little while ago.

But if space be a conductor, how then can shell-lac, sulphur, &c., insulate? for space permeates them in every direction. Or if space be an insulator, how can a metal or other similar body conduct?

It would seem, therefore, that in accepting the ordinary atomic theory, space may be proved to be a non-conductor in non-conducting bodies, and a conductor in conducting bodies; but the reasoning ends in this—a subversion of that theory altogether; for if space be an insulator it cannot exist in conducting bodies, and if it be a conductor it cannot exist in insulating bodies. Any ground of reasoning which tends to such conclusions as these must in itself be false.

Instead of assuming the existence of matter interspersed by space, or of space dotted by atoms of matter—these atoms acting by means of the forces which surround them—Faraday begins by denying space altogether, not in the Kantian or any other metaphysical sense, but in the true positive sense, as an entity having no broader basis than our ignorance. Matter is thus assumed to be continuous throughout. The atoms, hitherto supposed to constitute matter, instead of being independent bodies surrounded by forces, are also done away with, and the place they have filled is occupied by centres of force. All we know of matter is the forces it exerts. We have been assuming that these forces are something different from and superadded to matter—Faraday suggests that they are matter, and that matter has no existence except in and through them. In the atomic view, the atoms, though infinitely small, have a definite shape and size. In Faraday's view, such is not the case, for that which represents size may be considered as extending to any distance to which the lines of force of the particle extend—the particle,

indeed, is supposed to exist only by these forces, and where they are it is.

This hypothesis of lines of force Faraday applies with striking effect, in his *Thoughts on Ray-vibrations*, to the vexed question of an undulatory ether. Auguste Comte and John Mill have stigmatized the undulatory hypothesis as essentially metaphysical. But the hypothesis has been found more convenient than any other—more explanatory—and has therefore gained ground, in spite of the radical objection to the introduction of a purely hypothetical ether. In Faraday's hypothesis, the ether is dismissed, but the vibrations are retained. This just meets both demands—

The ether is assumed as pervading all bodies, as well as space: in the view now set forth, it is the forces of the atomic centres which pervade (and make) all bodies, and also penetrate all space. As regards space, the difference is, that the ether presents successive parts or centres of action, and the present supposition only lines of action; as regards matter, the difference is, that the ether lies between the particles, and so carries on the vibrations; whilst, as respects the supposition, it is by the lines of force between the centres of the particles that the vibration is continued. As to the difference in intensity of action within matter under the two views, I suppose it will be very difficult to draw any conclusion; for when we take the simplest state of common matter and that which most nearly causes it to approximate to the condition of the ether, namely, the state of rare gas, how soon do we find, in its elasticity and the mutual repulsion of its particles, a departure from the law that the action is inversely as the square of the distance!

We have but imperfectly indicated the speculation which Faraday has so admirably illustrated, and the curious reader must go to the work itself for minuter knowledge. But even this sketch must not go forth without our saying that Faraday treats the speculation entirely as a speculation. Madame de Stael wittily said of some one, *Ce Monsieur est complètement de son avis*. It might be applied to most philosophers; but of Faraday, more than any one else, we may say, *Il n'est pas si complètement de son avis*. He is never too confident, and is always modestly aware of the proclivity to error natural to philosophy.

MARGARET AND HER BRIDESMAIDS.*

THE history of *Margaret and her Bridesmaids* is, in a certain sense, a verification of the adage that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives. If there really are anywhere in existence such young ladies and gentlemen as the *dramatis personæ* to whom we are here introduced, then there certainly is, within or without the common world of which ordinary mortals are cognizant, one far more absurd and unnatural than we in our wildest fancies had ever dreamed of.

The materials used in constructing this delectable story are weddings, of which we are treated with the generous allowance of eight—an equal number of honeymoons—a more than equal amount of babies born before the year is out—a shipwreck intended to be terrible, but which is simply ludicrous, and a sudden death caused by means which we do not believe ever brought about such a catastrophe before. Added to this, there is a fearful amount of "gushing"—"dearests" and "sweetests" being scattered over every page as profusely as comfits over a Twelfth-cake; and with this we have an immense substratum of vulgar female slang and gossip, to give life and reality to the whole. In a word, it is just the sort of book in which we should expect to find, between the leaves, a piece of stale bread-and-butter, left there by accident as a mark during its circulating-library peregrinations amongst milliners' apprentices and young girls just emancipated from the durance-vile of some fourth-rate provincial boarding-school. Besides the impossibly perfect hero and heroines of the story, we have an impossibly original family or clan of Beauvilliers, who have this remarkable peculiarity belonging to them—that their wives scarcely ever give birth to girls, and that the males, probably in consequence of this circumstance, live together in a most praiseworthy state of brotherly love. Lastly, there is a wonderful dog, which plays, after a certain fashion of its own, the part filled by the confidantes in Racine's tragedies—thus saving the biographer the world of trouble she would otherwise have had to undergo ere she could have let us into the present feelings and future intentions of her favourite heroine.

But an outline of the story will, perhaps, give a better idea than anything we can say of the commonplace plot, the vulgar sentimentality of the style, and the low morality of the sentiments. Sir Harold Leigh, a young baronet of large fortune, falls in love at the outset of the story with the heroine, Margaret Montague, while she is at school at Bath, and instantly proposes for her, informing her parents that he felt it would not be right for him to visit at their house without giving them plain notice of his intentions. "Very honourable, indeed," says Sir Thomas Montague.—"My dear Anne, Sir Harold is a man of honour." To which the sapient lady answers—"Indeed he is, and we ought to be very grateful." So grateful, indeed, are they to the gentleman, that they close in with his offer at once, and the affair is settled. Margaret is accordingly wooed and won on the day she leaves school, and the next morning she returns thither, "blushing, confused, and with veiled eyes," to tell her school-fellows the news, and to bid them to the wedding, there to officiate as her bridesmaids. The marriage takes place,

* *Margaret and her Bridesmaids*. By the Author of "Woman's Devotion." 3 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1856.

and Margaret instantly proceeds to make an idol of her husband, who repays her for her devotion by flirting desperately with, or allowing himself to be flirted with by, one of her quondam school-fellows, Augusta Clare. Sir Harold's estates are in a bad way—matters become worse and worse—Margaret sets herself to the work of reform and retrenchment, but gets no thanks for her good intentions. In spite of her entreaties, Sir Harold builds a yacht, takes a cruise in it with some gay young friends, amongst whom is Miss Clare, and the whole party are drowned in a storm off the sandbanks of Holland. Sir Harold had had great pains taken with the figure-head of the vessel, wishing that it should resemble Margaret in form and face; for, notwithstanding his flirting and unkindness, we are told she was always his first object. In addition to this, the figure-head was constructed after a peculiar fashion, and made capable of floating after the rest of the vessel had gone to pieces, by means of hollow tubes which went through it, and rendered it buoyant. Months after the yacht had been wrecked, the figure-head was recovered, and in the hollow tube was found a long letter, addressed by Harold to his wife, and containing all the particulars of the last three or four days of his existence. We commend the novel construction of the figure-head to the notice of shipbuilders, and cannot refrain from a word of commendation, *en passant*, on the courage which enabled Sir Harold to jot down, with such coolness, the terrible events of the shipwreck, and to dress up his narrative with so many elaborate graces of style and sentiment. This letter gives immense comfort to Margaret, who spends the rest of her days in commune with the dear departed, and in improving the estates for the benefit of his children.

Lotty Beauvilliers, the real heroine of the story, is a girl of very different stamp from Margaret:—

Wild, capricious, wilful, and passionate—who performed each duty as she did? Who thought with such judgment? Who mastered the most difficult lessons with ease? Who saw what no one else ever thought of? Who was here, there, and everywhere? A midge, a myth, a fairy—yet a Solon, a Norma, a prophetess. Wonderful Lotty!

We can fancy the feelings of mingled exhaustion and exultation which the author must have experienced after giving birth to a conception so original as this; but unfortunately it is not in such a world as ours that a being of the Lotty Beauvilliers order would be either possible or pleasant.

The announcement of the expected birth of this young lady will serve as a sample of many announcements of a similar kind which occur in the course of the novel. Mr. and Mrs. Beauvilliers are talking of sending their youngest boy to school:—

"I have some idea he will not be the youngest long," said Mrs. Beauvilliers, with a rising flush on her cheek.

"What now, Belle! more boys coming?" exclaimed the jovial father. "That's capital, I never heard better news in my life; what will Will, Ned, and Charlie say? seven boys! why I shall outdo my father. I always thought there never was a woman in this world like you, Belle, and so I think to this minute. Odds me, but I must write the news off, and invite our relations to the christening."

"No, no, my dear husband, have compassion on me: remember, there's many a slip between the cup and the lip, and don't get a christening dinner ready till you have a child to christen. Pray think how long it is since such an event occurred here, and that I am very nearly as much surprised as you are, and rather put out, too!" . . . All the five uncles, all the six little expectant brothers, all the cousins, nephews, kinsmen of every degree, were thrown into a state of profound amazement.

The expected seventh boy proved a little small girl!

We had intended to give a sketch of the "little small girl's" story, but we trust our readers will not be annoyed at our relinquishing a task which is becoming more and more disagreeable to ourselves as we proceed, and which would be productive of no profitable result to them. Lest, however, they should imagine we have quoted a solitary instance of want of knowledge of the proprieties of society, we will give them another specimen of the same kind, chosen at random from the many with which the story abounds. The speakers are two young boys and Lotty, now Mrs. Philip Leigh:—

"Why should you stop at home with that Philip Leigh, who never speaks a word to you?" said Brian.

"We would never leave you a moment alone," said Hugh.

"That would be too much of a good thing, Hugh," said Lotty.

"We went this morning and kissed Milly's baby, which nurse said showed we were kind-hearted boys; but, Mrs. Leigh, when I kissed the baby, I said something to Hugh."

"What was it?"

"Shall I tell, Hugh?"

"Yes, you may as well, Brian, because perhaps she will," whispered Hugh.

"I said, I wished I might kiss you instead of the baby."

"Whenever I have kisses to give, you two shall have them."

"Thank you! when do you think that will happen?" said Hugh.

"That is more than I can say."

"But you are always kissing Bear," said Brian.

"Because no one else does."

"Then no one shall kiss me but you, if you will treat me the same."

"Come, come, do not let us have any more such childish nonsense," said Lotty. "I think you both very fine boys, and I like you very much; and that you can believe without any saluting."

"Ah!" said Brian, sorrowfully, "it's all that Philip."

"What is all this sighing and groaning about, eh?" said Lord Erlscourt.

"Mrs. Leigh will not give us each a kiss, now that we are going away, and may be drowned or shipwrecked."

"You impudent boys! how could you think of making such a request to Mrs. Leigh, Mrs. Banks, or Miss Clare, now?"

"Ha, ha, brother! we will give you all our share, should such ever fall to our lot; but we will keep Mrs. Leigh's."

"No, no," said Basil; "the man who has a right to salute Mrs. Leigh's cheek, knows his happiness, and values it too well to share it."

"You are one more foolish than another," pouted Lotty.

Who but the veriest schoolgirl, with her head full of trash, her heart full of possible lovers, and her mouth of silly, rapid, lovesick nonsense, could invent or endure such rubbish as this? We have not patience to comment on it, but trust we have said enough to warn off even circulating-library readers from making acquaintance with *Margaret and her Bridesmaids*.

STREET'S BRICK AND MARBLE ARCHITECTURE IN ITALY.*

THE "Gothic architecture of Italy" is an expression which would have fallen upon the ears of connoisseurs of twenty-five years back as indicating a grotesque inappropriateness of combination equal to an allusion to the poetry of the Stock Exchange. And yet this inability to realize the idea was merely an example of that sheer stupidity as to the amalgamation of two and two into four, which is the secret of so much mischief in matters alike of great and of little moment. Milan Cathedral was quite a proverb; and the Duomo at Florence had become a hackneyed vehicle of sentimentalism. It was better not to have seen the Mansion House than to be ignorant of the Doge's Palace in Venice. The Campo Santo, at Pisa, was not far from being a bore. And yet, with all these examples, and a hundred more, staring it in the face, the great virtuoso world had stopped short of the conclusion that there was a school of Italian Gothic. The first two publications which forcibly proclaimed that truth to English students appeared in the same year, 1835. The earlier in its composition was the posthumous History of Architecture left in an incomplete state by that remarkable man, Thomas Hope, who died in 1831. The other is the *Remarks—lucid and acute, as is everything which he attempts—on the Architecture of the Middle Ages, especially of Italy*, by Professor Willis. A few years later were published Gally Knight's sumptuous folios on the *Ecclesiastical Architecture of Italy from the Time of Constantine to the Fifteenth Century*. At a more recent period, a considerable portion of Mr. Webb's singularly minute and painstaking *Continental Ecclesiology* has been devoted to the description of Italian mediæval churches. Following this, Mr. Ruskin's brilliant *Stones of Venice* has thrown the sparkle of his rich imagination over one of the noblest and most interesting pages of ultramontane Gothic.

All these works are the productions of amateurs. Many of our best ecclesiastical architects have successively visited Italy, but, with the exception of a short paper by Mr. Scott in the *Ecclesiologist*, we do not remember that any one of them has recorded the results of his journey in a specific form, previously to the publication of Mr. Street's volume. Of Pugin, eager and indefatigable as he was in his best days, we are willing to believe that it was only the sad overclouding of his bright intellect, and its fatal sequel, which prevented his giving to the world the experience of that Italian tour which occupied several of his latest months of healthy activity. Those who knew him remember the boy-like delight and enthusiasm with which he returned to England full of the (to him) original discovery, that Italy was a land overflowing rich in treasures of his beloved pointed architecture, exemplified alike in the civil and ecclesiastical structures reared during the middle ages.

As the first architect's book upon the Gothic south of the Alps which has appeared in England, Mr. Street's *Notes of a Tour in the North of Italy* attracted, on the first announcement, much interest, and the expectations which they raised were proportionately high. This was a severe test to try the work by; and it is to be lamented that the author had not foreseen it, and provided for the consequences by a more explicit and less comprehensive title page. The *Notes of a Tour* are a little too much like tourist's notes; and the promised "North of Italy" is absolutely confined to the Austrian dominions. The kingdom of "Sardinia," with its church of Vercelli and its treasures at Genoa—Tuscany, with Florence, Pisa, Lucca, and Siena—the Roman States, including Ravenna, full of early Christian monuments of surpassing interest—Bologna, Orvieto, Assisi, and Rome itself, crowded (not to speak of the Basilica) with Gothic fragments, although at present possessed of but one entire Gothic church—are not included in its scope. "An Architect's Holiday in the Austrian provinces of Italy" would have precisely described the contents of the work; and the reader who took up the book with his expectations limited by such a description, could not fail to be astonished, not only at the amount of facts collected within so short a space of time, but likewise at the accumulation of beautiful illustrations, all dashed off by the author's pencil, with which the volume is copiously adorned.

The author's purpose is not confined to a bare collection of facts interesting in an archaeological or picturesque aspect. The essay is a contribution to the solution of that great problem—an architecture of the future, worthy, in its æsthetic development, of the intellectual and material resources of the age we live in. Mr. Street is one of the most distinguished disciples of the Gothic school—one who had already proved his right to speak by the material tokens of his learning and his skill, and who has since earned the distinguished honour of the second prize in the Lille competition. Accordingly, it is in the

* *Brick and Marble in the Middle Ages. Notes of a Tour in the North of Italy.* By George Edmund Street, Architect, F.S.A. Copiously illustrated. London: Murray.

past works of that school that he seeks his sources of inspiration for the future. Nor is he a half-devoted votary—a citizen of two conflicting nationalities. Being wholly and unhesitatingly convinced in his own mind of the truth of his position, he does battle for that position with an earnestness unattainable on other conditions. Many persons might hesitate at the outspoken *emprosement* with which, as he takes care to inform us, he ignored and passed by Vicenza and Palladio's memory. They might argue that, even in behalf of his own branch of architecture, he was bound to investigate the success or failure of the famous specimens of other styles; and that, as in all art there is a common unity of beauty—could we but discover it—so, even to the future of Gothic, an examination of Palladio's principles might not be quite useless. But the answer to this will probably be the practical, if not very exalted one, that as Mr. Street had only a limited time at his disposal, he acted wisely in devoting that time exclusively to the style he knew best and cared most about. Whether or not it was necessary to proclaim this exigence of travel so strongly, is a point with which we are not concerned.

The book has a special practical scope—viz., the *exploitation*, as the French would say, of the two materials which stand prominent upon the title-page, in the future Gothic architecture of England. In this design, Mr. Street has our entire sympathies. England is a brick-making country—London, *ante omnia*, a brick-built city. But our island also produces marbles—the rich-coloured and enduring Serpentine, in Cornwall—and the dark, shelly, but very crumbling “Purbeck,” “Petworth,” and “Bethersden,” in Dorsetshire, Sussex, and Kent—while the varieties which Devonshire produces need hardly be alluded to. Again, in Derbyshire we find alabaster, which is as cheap in the working as it is beautiful in effect, and a shelly species of marble much more durable than Purbeck, beside a store of fluoric spars available in delicate inlaying—not to mention a red marble closely rivaling the Rosso Antico, the use of which, however, is nearly monopolized by a noble Duke. Anglesey also yields specimens of a dark-green colour—so does Connemara—and Aberdeen and Peterhead respectively abound in grey and rose granite, all now available in the southern market. Examples of the artistic use of many of these specimens, combined within a brick shell, are to be found in the church of All-Saints, Margaret-street, to which we rather wish Mr. Street had drawn attention, teaching as it does, in practice, the same lesson which he so well expounds in theory. We do not hesitate to express our conviction that, had the new Houses of Parliament been built a few years later than they were, they would, together with other modifications for the better, have exhibited something more varied and more *versicolor* in material than the enormous repetition, inside and out, of Magnesian limestone.

But we are wandering from Mr. Street. As a specimen of his style, we cannot do better than extract, though necessarily in a very abbreviated form, and without pledging ourselves to all his views, his verdict upon Milan Cathedral:—

If it be indeed true that it was designed by a German, there is on the outside even more cause for astonishment at his work than if it had been done by an Italian. The west front is quite modern, but the rest of the exterior, all in its original state, is as little German in its character as any building I have ever seen, and, shall I add it?—as little really grand as a work of art. . . . Its walls are panelled all over, the panelling having a peculiarly painful kind of pendulous, unsupported, and unconstructural character, and the string-courses are marked by a continuous trefoil arcading on their under side, which recalls the frequent Italian string-courses in brick. The buttresses are bold in their formation and scale, but poor and weak-looking in their design, and finish at the top with pinnacles whose thin outline, seen against the deep blue sky, is painfully bad and unsatisfying. Great flying buttresses span the aisles, and then in the clerestory is repeated exactly what we have already seen below, the same panelling, the same parapet, and the same light pinnacles; the windows, however, are here very small and insignificant, whilst those in the aisles are remarkable for their large size and for the singular traceries with which they are filled. . . . Altogether, an effect of a prodigious number and repetition of vertical lines is produced, and yet, notwithstanding this, the effect of the entire building is decidedly rather horizontal and depressing than the contrary. . . . Upon the whole, therefore, the exterior is in no respect more Italian than it is German in its style; it belongs to no school, and has no fellows; from the beginning it has been an exotic, and to the end of time will probably remain so, without a follower or an imitator in the singular development of which it is the only example; and there does appear, if we consider the matter, to be some intrinsic probability that such a building must have been designed by a foreigner rather than by a native. . . . Its architect appears to me to have been shocked at the necessity under which he lay of sacrificing the steep lines of roof so dear to him in his native land, and to have striven with all his might to provide a substitute for their vertical effect by the vertical lines of his panelled buttresses and walls, by the gabled outline of his parapets, and by the removal of such a mark of horizontalism as the commencement of the traceries of his windows even on one line. . . . Indeed, I should have but little respect for such a building as this exterior of Milan were it not for its glorious material (used though it is in a prodigal manner, and without particular reference to its nature) and its immense size—though this is far less in appearance than in reality. But my detraction and harsh criticisms must end here; for, if, having first made the circuit of the entire church, the flight of steps which leads up to the west door is last of all mounted, the first feeling must be one of perfect amazement and delight—amazement that the same mind which conceived the exterior should have been able also to conceive anything so diverse from it as is the interior, and delight that anything so magnificent and so perfect should ever have been reared on the southern slope of the Alps, to exhibit, to the eyes as it were of enemies, the full majesty and power of the pointed architecture of the North. And mark, upon consideration, how very natural this was. Its architect had been tied down in his exterior by the wants, or supposed wants, of a climate unlike his own, and a material to which he was unused; his genius had thus been fettered and kept under; but here all shackles were undone, and he was free to carry out to its very greatest perfection

what he had learnt or dreamt of in his northern home. And what a result has he not achieved!—absolutely and without doubt the grandest interior in the world is, I do believe, this noble work of his. . . . I was struck at first by the prodigious width and height of the building: the nave is enormously wide, and has two aisles on either side, those next to the nave being also of great size and height, and having clerestories in their outer walls. The outer aisles are lighted with large traceried windows, filled with stained glass, which gives the church a character very unlike that of the generality of Italian pointed churches, in which coloured glass is so rarely seen in large masses. There is, therefore, a regular gradation in the heights of the five main divisions of the church, which are well proportioned to their respective widths: and, resting as these divisions do upon four rows of clustered columns of immense size and height, a more magnificent internal effect is produced than I can recollect even any approach to in any other church; for not even in Cologne or in Amiens is there any effect so magnificent as that of this forest of prodigious piers. They are finished at the top with capitals peculiar to themselves, and quite unlike anything I have before seen—I suppose at least twelve feet deep, with a kind of arcade of tracery surmounted by a crocketed gable on each side, and finished above and below with courses of foliage, and with figures standing in the niche-like panels of the arcade. . . . So grand are the columns that the excessive poverty and lightness of the arches which divide the nave from the aisles, which is perhaps the one great defect of the church, is not for a long time noticed: they have, however, but little work to do, and so their lightness may perhaps be a virtue.

PICTURES OF LIFE IN FRENCH NOVELS.*

HENRY MURGER is a very popular novel writer in France. He excels in the extravagantly humorous, and his *Vie de Bohème* is read by the admirers of the *style buffon* with explosions of laughter. In that novel he gives us abundance of that intentional absurdity which is the privilege of wit; but when he enters on a more serious vein, he sometimes gives us that peculiar kind of unintentional absurdity which is the privilege of the sentimental French novelist. In *Le Dernier Rendez-vous*, the first of two tales contained in the volume before us, the heroine is one of those ladies who cut off their hair on the slightest provocation, and startle a lover by suddenly placing in his hands *cette magnifique chevelure noire, without the head it adorned*—who never hear their lover's name without blushing, raising one hand to their forehead to hide their blushes, and placing the other on their *poitrine agitée*—who quit their husband's home some fine morning, with no more than a *petit paquet* of clothing which never wants renewing—who sublimely ignore that base necessity, an income—and, in short, innocence excepted, live in all respects like the lilies of the field. “They sow not, neither do they spin,” and you have the smallest possible confidence in their knowledge of the multiplication table. Any man a little fatigued with the commonplace qualities of a wife who bears in mind that “black hair,” once lost, is not easily renewed—who finds a moderate allowance of pin-money indispensable—and who has been initiated into that department of arithmetic called “bills of parcels,” will do well to read such tales as *Le Dernier Rendez-vous*. He will return from them with new relish for “human nature's daily food”—a woman who has some knowledge of common things, and some sense of common obligations.

La Résurrection de Lazare is a different sort of story, written more in the epigrammatic than the sentimental style. It is called a *drame en lettres*, each of the *dramatis personæ* contributing his quota to the drama in the shape of letters. The Lazarus in question is not the brother of Martha and Mary, nor is the resurrection one of the body from a literal tomb. As the reader may be curious, we will extract the drama from the letters and tell it in brief. The Lazarus of M. Murger is a genius—a poet of this nineteenth century, who is to initiate a great literary revolution. At the opening of the drama, however, this high destiny is not apparent, except to the prophetic eye of friendship; for during the last four years Lazarus has been wasting his patrimony and his time, and tarnishing his *beau nom*, by a life of mad Parisian dissipation—a conscious victim to the Mephistophelean temptations of two cynical rakes, the Vicomte Séraphin and Comte Antony de Sylvers. At the age of eight-and-twenty he has so exhausted the possibilities of life and imagination that even the diabolical ingenuity of his two friends is unable to devise anything that can astonish him. Still there is one sacred spot in his memory, one window in his mind, through which heaven's daylight shines in on the fumes and the gaslight. He has once seen at the opera a woman whose calm loveliness (and *blond* complexion set off by blue ribbons) so impressed itself on his imagination that he has painted a miniature of her from memory. At last, sick of his Parisian life, he has entered on the second stage of his Byronic career, and retreated to a cottage at Verrières, where he spends his days in solitary roaming through the woods. In the background is a certain M. de B., a *grand poète*, the self-elected providence or good genius of Lazarus, who opposes his protecting watchfulness to the machinations of the evil geni, Antony and Séraphin, and induces another poet (not great) named Theodore, to act as deputy providence in the shape of valet to Lazarus. Now opens the story.

Late one evening, on returning from his rambles, Lazarus, as he is about to enter his house, sees a body of some sort precipitated with great force from his bedroom window. While he is gazing, with the unwonted sensation of astonishment, at the said body, which proves to be that of an elegantly-dressed woman (with blue ribbons!) a crowd collects in his gardens, the gens-d'armes appear, and he is arrested as a murderer. At this point,

* *Le Dernier Rendez-vous. La Résurrection de Lazare. Par Henry Murger. London: Jeffs.*

there appears on the spot Madame Marie d'Alton—a lady possessed of all charms, and residing in great privacy at Verrières, who has risen from her bed on hearing that her mysterious neighbour, the mad poet, has assassinated a woman, and who from a benevolent impulse, has repaired to the scene of action. She finds a lovely woman lying pale and blood-besprinkled on the ground, and Lazarus standing with folded arms, looking on with calm contempt at the indignant crowd and the inquiring police. Marie d'Alton has the woman carried to her house, and laid in her own bed, and Lazarus is carried off to prison at Versailles, where he is disappointed to find that it is impossible to *poser* with effect as a martyr, owing to the delicate consideration exhibited towards criminals. He thinks of betaking himself to the classic amusement of taming spiders, but the elegant *salon* he occupies gives no promise of zoological specimens. He entreats his gaoler to furnish him with a spider, and that functionary presents him with a *carte des distractions*, in which a tame mouse is charged five francs, a tame spider four, and an untamed spider two and a-half. We leave Lazarus lamenting the prosaism of modern prisons, and return to Verrières. The houri with the strongly gravitating body, on whom Marie d'Alton has taken compassion, is neither more nor less than a *danseuse* of the *Cirque*, who, being madly in love with Lazarus, had been easily prompted by Antony and Séraphin to attempt the conquest of his resolute indifference by a *tour de force*. She had spent all her money in buying splendid apparel for the occasion—had come from Paris, and gained admission into the house by means of her acquaintance, Theodore—had sprinkled a little blood over her clothes by way of heightening the effect, and on hearing the footsteps of Lazarus, had executed in perfect safety her terrible *saut périlleux en arrière* from the window. She had meant to take the heart of Lazarus by assault—and she had caused him to be sent to prison as her assassin! However, if he will not love her, she will make him feel her power by continuing to act the assassinated woman. She allows a doctor (a lover in disguise) to dress her unfractured skull, and accepts the devoted nursing of Marie d'Alton. And who is Marie herself? The beloved of Count Antony de Sylvers, for whose sake she has given up friends and fortune—being one of those astonishing women who, with the utmost intellectual and moral insight, are unable, on the most intimate acquaintance, to discern the difference between a shallow, vicious egotist and a man worthy of all devotion. In the meantime, Lazarus has written to his friend Séraphin, begging him to send him a small tortoise-shell box, which will be found at his lodgings. Séraphin finds the box, does not send it, but does open it, and discovers in it a miniature of Marie d'Alton—of course, the miniature painted from memory, by Lazarus, of his unknown *Hebe*. Séraphin, exulting in a discovery which promises annoyance to many people at once, writes to Louisa, the *danseuse*, taunting her with the failure of her stratagem, and crowning his taunts by announcing to her that Lazarus loves Marie d'Alton. This letter, having fallen into the hands of Marie, is communicated by her to Antony, who regards it as a proof that his false friend Séraphin is conspiring to rob him of Marie. A duel is the consequence, and Antony is killed. Before the catastrophe, Louisa has induced Theodore to escort her on a visit to Lazarus in prison, where she makes a last attempt on his obdurate heart, by telling him their relative position. He receives her story with contemptuous indignation, and in her jealous rage she reveals the fact that his unknown adored one is Marie d'Alton. Does the reader foresee the *dénouement*? Louisa relents, and confesses the truth to a magistrate—Lazarus is set at liberty, and declares his love to Marie d'Alton, who discovers that she has been unconsciously giving him the precedence in her heart from the time he began to interest her at Verrières. And now Lazarus, a wiser but not a sadder man, enters on his great career, and is saluted by M. de B. in a dithyrambic letter as the poet who, "*l'aurore de la poésie et de la religion renouvelée, viendra proclamer la divinité de la matière immortelle!*" Louisa marries Theodore, and is not happy ever after.

Since this story is so very far from real, there is probably some moral to which its idealism points. For our own part, we choose to draw a moral of our own, after the fashion of Renzo in *I promessi sposi*, and we deduce the following piece of advice, which we offer to our feminine readers:—When you wish to conquer a man's heart, do not begin by throwing yourself out of the window.

SCOTTISH HEROES IN THE DAYS OF WALLACE AND BRUCE.*

THE title of this book is a misnomer. The reader who knew nothing of Wallace or Bruce before he opened it would be sorely puzzled to make their acquaintance through Mr. Low's introduction. The gods of the old epic raised clouds to screen their champions from foes—our author, with his Scotch mist, hides his heroes from their friends. In a biography, and especially in one relating to a chivalric and half-barbarous age, it is the writer's privilege to bring his chief actors out in full relief from a crowd of followers; to portray them rather as a painter than as a photographer—to show the manners and customs of the time in their personal aspects more than in an antiquarian catalogue, and to present the *man* rather than the warrior, the statesman,

or the king. He may also borrow freely any picturesque accessories from the superstitions of the age, remembering that to his personages such things were realities. Mr. Low takes a more humble view of his rights. He sets down the lineaments of his heroes with the painful precision of a daguerreotype, and counts thews and sinews with the accuracy of an anatomist. He describes costumes like the court-newsman, and enumerates weapons like the Guide to the Tower. His pages bristle with names, amidst which that of the chief actor often escapes the reader's recollection. He has no patience with the fancies of the time, and no tolerance for its faith. In a word, he seems to be utterly devoid of that sympathy which alone is the key to the secrets of a past age, and without which an author will strive in vain to realise it for himself, much more to present it to another. His book is the offspring of sheer *cram*, directed by no knowledge, and animated by no genius. He wants the judgment necessary to be even a *bookmaker*—to be an *author* he has no pretensions whatever. His plan of composition is evidently very simple—he takes the foot-notes in Tytler, or some similar text-book as his guide, and turns to the authorities there cited. These he translates or transcribes, and the farrago thus collected he scatters broadcast over his foolscap. He has not even taken the precaution to reduce the orthography of names and places to one uniform standard, and as each old chronicler spells in his own fashion, the result is ludicrous to a degree. With Stirling Mr. Low is probably acquainted, but we very much doubt whether he had any idea that Strivelin, vol. i. p. 188, and Strevillyne, p. 221, denote the same town. So, again, he seems quite unaware that Alnewyk is identical with Alnwick in Northumberland, famous for its baronial castle. Warrenne, Warene, Waryne, Warren, may be suspected to be varieties of the same name. It seems unnecessary trouble to convert Windsor into Wyndessor. Here is a whole budget of titles relating to the war in Ireland, for which we think the reader might fairly desire an interpreter:—

The English mustered strongly in the city of Coignenis; besides the warden, Richard of Clare, there were the Lord Butler, the Earls of Desmond and Kildare, Brynname, Wedoune and Tyre, Waryne, Sir Paschall of Florentine, a knight of Lombardy, the Mawndivellis, Besatis Loganys, and Sir Nicholl of Kylanene. (vol. ii. p. 137.)

Let it be observed that the author gives no quotation marks in any of these instances. Mr. Low's English is as wonderful as his proper names. So early as the seventh page of the first volume we come upon the following riddle:—

He (Wallace) was now placed without the pale of the laws, and with his slender band of followers, who had stole imperceptibly into the town of Ayr, to witness a prize-fighter, who at length challenged Wallace, but soon paid the forfeit of his life for his arrogance; he (who?) was attacked by the English soldiers, who poured around him from the garrison; but fearlessly winding his horn, and collecting his handful of followers in a body, amounting, it is said, to no more than fifteen in number, he advanced into the centre of the enemy, appeared himself in the front of the skirmish, and diminishing their number with every stroke of their broadswords, by almost incredible exertions, they reached, &c.

We are not near the end of the sentence, but spare our readers the rest. The following shows our author's style in another point of view. Wallace is still the hero of the tale:—

Being now surrounded by his enemies, several of whom had fallen under his sword, he observed a neighbouring door suddenly opened, and a fair form beckoning him to approach. Through this door he bolted, and made his escape. This angel of his deliverance, &c. (vol. i. p. 15.)

At pp. 60-1 of the same volume, there is a long passage respecting Edinburgh Castle, which is a puzzle from beginning to end. It concludes thus:—

The castle was again placed under siege, when he was compelled to surrender, and the banner of Scotland was seen to float from its towers, and that of Roxburgh, which (what?) were dismantled.

So again:—

Gibbets were ordered to be erected in many parishes, as *warning beacons* to those who refused to take up arms in defence of their country, on which two burghesses of Aberdeen, who had disobeyed the summons, were hanged. (vol. i. p. 64.)

Again:—

The Scots burnt and laid waste town and castle, sparing always, according to their custom, the women and church-lands, which (what?) frequently purchased their protection at a great price. (vol. i. p. 79.)

The siege of Caerlaverock Castle presents us with an amazing piece of descriptive writing:—

The king commanded the last squadron, in whose banner were three leopards courant of fine gold, set in red; fierce, haughty, and cruel, thus placed to signify that the king is dreadfully fierce and proud to his enemies, and brought up the rear on powerful and lively chargers, completely armed.

When the castle fell, the garrison appear to have experienced strange treatment at the hands of the conqueror:—

Some of them received life, limb, and a new garment, though many of them were hanged by the ungallant Edward, whose chivalry and deeds of arms have been so frequently sung; a stain on his knighthood which we could not have looked for. (vol. i. p. 142.)

Ruin seize thee, ruthless king. So again at the execution of Sir Simon Fraser, the friend in arms of Wallace:—

The unfortunate knight was first drawn, then partially hanged, that with a refinement of cruelty they might protract his sufferings, and while yet alive was cut down and headed; his bowels were then taken out, and his head placed upon the point of a lance on London bridge, beside that of his old

* *Scottish Heroes in the Days of Wallace and Bruce*. By the Rev. Alexander Low, A.M., &c. 2 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett, 1856.

companion, a horrible spectacle of the cruel policy of the English king, regretted by his acquaintances, and deemed worthy of a better fate even by his enemies. (vol. i. p. 310.)

We are not sure that we should select Mr. Low to preach a funeral sermon for a friend of ours. Sometimes he ventures on a joke, with what success one example may show:—

The English, who expected at least a rich harvest of spoil, found only a solitary lame bull at Tranent, which, *together with the Pope's bull*, cost them at least sixteen thousand of their men, who perished of hunger, if not the half of the army, or who indulged so intemperately, &c. (vol. ii. p. 267.)

Such are our author's jests. We must not leave him without a sample of his moralising vein. Here is a reflection upon Ban-
nockburn:—

The beneficial effects of this signal victory secured for ever the independence of Scotland, and it was not one of the least of its advantages, that at the union of the two kingdoms, Scotland received equal rights with England; and the national church of Scotland, with her universities and schools, were guaranteed to the people of Scotland for ever. (vol. ii. p. 105.)

Occasionally we meet with the hand of the divine:—

The principle of honour was, in that age of chivalry and romance, one of the most powerful which actuated the human breast and it was a wise provision of Providence that, in the absence of religion and high moral principle, those of chivalry and honour in some measure supplied their place. (vol. ii. p. 69.)

So, again, in describing a famine, our author writes:—

No doubt the inclemency of the season, regulated by God Almighty, and favourable or unfavourable to the sustenance of man, according to his sovereign will, as well as the effects arising from the invasion of the English, contributed to that scarcity of provisions which constrained the people, in many cases, to feed on the flesh of horses and other unclean animals. (vol. ii. p. 15.)

But it is enough. Mr. Low is unacquainted with the rudiments of his art. He does not know the relative value of his authorities, nor how to interpret them, nor how to use them. We should have left him unnoticed, but that the publication of a book like this is a positive mischief, preventing the efforts of a really competent biographer. The Plantagenets could hardly wish a severer fate for their enemies than that of finding such an annalist as Mr. Low. The cruelties of the English kings at least terminated at the scaffold, but the Scotch author intercepts the honour due to the memory of the victims.

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